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"I THINK I HAVE LOVED YOU ALWAYS!" SAID NELL.

MISS TABITHA'S MONEY.

[A NOVELETTE.]

CHAPTER L

Miss Tanitha was an old maid with a large fortune, and also—which her family esteemed less—an even larger heart.

She was one of the plainest woman ever accountered, but her face was so cheerful and good-tempered her friends used to say it was a plasure just to look at it, and these friends were not flatterers.

They did not make themselves agreeable to the old lady for the sake of her weelth, since, even had they been interested folks, Tabitha had such hosts of relations, outsiders had no chance even of a legacy.

even of a legacy.

It must be confessed that her own kindred

was far less attached to the old lady than the friends she had made for herself.

It had been a great bone of contention with the seven brothers that their grandfather chose to leave Tabby (as she was called in those days) all his savings.

When on the middle of the content o

his savings.

When, on the principle of money bringing money, her godmother left her a fortune, the Mesers. Leigh were still more trate, though as Tabby had spent ten years as the widow's humble companion, it can hardly be said she had not earned her good will.

The seven brothers all thought it a great waste that one lone spinster should enjoy four thousand a year, and a large, old-fashioned house at Clapham Common, so some of them offered to come and share the last less she should be lonely, and others hinted that a judicious investment they knew of would largely increase her income; but Miss Tabliths refused all offers.

Bhe preferred to be mistress of her own house, she said, civilly; and the had no desire to add to her wealth.

Ribaffed, but not discouraged, her relations

R bonfied, but not discouraged, her relations paid assiduous court to her.

They abused her behind her back, but they spent a good many days each year at Ciapham.

Taey never excepted to apply to her in any family difficulty that ready-money could solve; they occasionally, from time to time, put in a mild hint that it behoved a woman of such great

mild hint that it behoved a woman of such great wealth to make her will.

The eldest brother did not make this last suggestion. He said to his wife he should be quite content if Tabby forget this duty.

He knew he was not a favourite, and ahould come in for little enough if she made a formal will; whereas, if she died intestate, the house at Capham must come to him, and a seventh of the personality, which, as it was considerably more than he had ever managed to carn, would be in itself a godesnd.

It was the month of August. Most of the Leighs were away from Loudon, and the large

Leighs were away from London, and the large house at Clapham had been wonderfully free of late from kinsmen's visits.

Miss Tabliha was walking in her garden, leaning on the arm of Paul Armstrong, the son of an old friend of bers, who had lately settled at Clapbam as a doctor, and had been made free of the Shrubberles, for Miss Tabby had loved his mother dearly, and was disposed to make a great deal of the young surgeon, though she had not chosen him as her professional attendant.

A little old lady of seventy, with soft grey curis and a complexion as rosy as a girl's. Her mild eyes were full of kindliness, and her voice had a cheary ring. She made her house a welcome resting place to Paul in the leisure moments of his rather up-hill career, and the young man often told her he thought she was the happlest

person he knew, in spite of her lonely life.

"Bless me, my dear!" the old lady rejoined, briskly, this August evening, "I need not be alone. Why, I've duens of nieces and nephews would be proud to come and take care of me; but I like to be my own mistress. You've never met say of my family, I think, Paul ? Perhaps you don't know how good and attentive they are to their old aunt?"

There was a smile on her face which took away anything of bitterness there might have been in

this speech.

"I don's want to know them," said Paul, decidedly. "My mother used to tell me she had no patience with your brothers; for, when your fortune came, instead of being glad of your prosperity, they all wanted to share is."

"So they did;" Miss Tablisha laughed at the recollection; "but they were disappointed. I'm afraid there's another disappointment in store for them," she added, briskly, "when if die."

"You are not going to die yes," said Paul, cheerfully. "We can none of us spare you, Miss Laleh."

Leigh."

"We never know," returned the old lady;
"I've passed my three score years and ten. I'm
glad to have had this conversation with you,
Paul. I want to ask you a favour,"

A little bewildered, the young man declared he
would do anything for her in his power,"

"It is very simple," said Miss Tabitha. "Just
tell me this, do you consider me in my right
senses!"

Paul positively laughed at the question.

"Why, Miss Tablish, of course I do. I will go further, and say I never met a woman with a clearer head for business."

She emiled as though he had paid her compliment.

"I'm very glad to hear you say so. I saked Parker the other day" (Dr. Parker was a con-temporary of Miss Tabitha, and had attended her for twenty years), "and he told me the same. for twenty years), "and he told me the same.
You see, Paul, I am a little afraid sometimes
they may try to upset my will, and I think I
couldn't rest even in my grave if they aucceeded."

"They couldn't," returned Dr. Armstrong, confidently. "Why, Miss Tabitha, just think of the number of unprejudiced people who could prove your sanity.

"Well," said Miss Tabby, quietly, "yon will promise me this, Paul, won's you, that you will do your best to see my wishes carried out I What-ever happens you will never help anyone to dispute my will, however much you disapprove its

"I will do my ntmost," he answered promptly;
"but, indeed, Miss Tabiths, you have no need
to be uneasy, even if you have left everything
away from your family, they can's dispute your

rights."
"No," said Miss Tabby, gravely, "they can't.
I was my mother's only child, and my grandfather was nothing to them. My money came
to me from people on whom they had no
claim, and so they can't expect me to leave it to

Paul kept silent because he knew perfectly well

they did expect it.

A Your mother was very intimate with our family," said Mks Leigh, slowly. "Did she ever tell you that I had—a slater ?"

Yes."

He said no more. He had known the romance of Miss Tabisha's life long before he aver saw her. He had expected to find her a soured, missa-

thropical woman instead of the pleasant, cheerful

He had often marvelled how well she had "got over it." The tone of her voice now made him think the cure was not so perfect as he had

imagined.

"It is forty years ago now," said the old maid,
"but I remember it as though it was yeaterday.
I was not rich then, had no chance of belog so.
I was a plain hundrum woman of thirty, and I was engaged to a man I wall-nigh worshipped.
We had been engaged ton years, and some of them he had spent abroad trying to get ou. He never made a fortune; but he did get a post worth two hundred a year, and he came home

England—to marry me."
"Don's go on," urged Paul, kindly. "I know everything, and it will only pain you to tell me the story.

She shook her head,
"I had rather tell you. I never was pretty,
but he had lefs me a fresh, bright spirited girl; out he had left me a fresh, bright spirited girl; as a woman of thirty, I suppose my plainness showed more; and them my sister had just come from school. He had seen her last a child of teo, now she was a beautiful girl. Well, my weddingday same, but there was no bridegroom. He had been married to Charlotte very early that morning, and had already sailed with her for their distant home."

"They deserved to be wretched."

"They deserved to be wretched."

"We never heard much about them," said Miss Tabby, with a patient sigh. "Listers came seldom from Africa in those days, but three years later we did hear that Charlotte was dead, and had left a little girl. Dallas never wrote again; we never heard any more of him or his child.

child.

"He would be an old man, now," said Miss Tabby, shaking her grey curls gently, "but there's the little girl. You're a young man, Paul, and may be you'll laugh at an old woman's fancy, but it has always seemed to me that little Lotty balongs to me. I can't leave her my property, for it would but bring the child a weary load of trouble from all her unders; but I want half of my things to be here, and so I've left it all to one I can trust, and I know he'll find her out."

There was a mist before Paul's eyes as h There was a mist before Paul eyes as he listened to shis story of "coals of fire." He did not remind Miss Tabby that "little Lotty" would be a middle-aged woman by this time. He could not find it in his heart, but he did suggest to her that it would be very difficult to trace her nices, and that she ought to leave implicit directions,

"Oh, I have thought of all that," said Miss Tabitha, contentedly. "Charlotte, daughter of Charlotte and Dallas Glennie (shey're uncommon names you see, Paul), born at Port Eifnabeth names you see, Paul), born at Port Ednabeth some time between forty-five and forty-saves. I don't think there can be any difficulty, and I know my heir will fulfil my wishes and give her half. I'd have put it in the will only I feared they'd find out the poor child and make her promise them nearly all her fortune before she knew a word about it. Ab, Paul, it's hard lines for a woman to be rich."

The subject dropped, and they talked of other things, only when Paul began to say good-night the old lady put her little withered hand on his arm, and eald gently,—
''You'll not "forget your promise, my dear.
You'll see my will carried out."

brong lived about a mile from Miss Tabiths, but his home was a very different place from the Shrubberies, for this young man, athough he had the right to put the letters M D. after his name, was very far from rich. He had become a doctor from sheer love of the

profession; but his means were so slender that his studies once completed, and his degree guined, there was nothing left to buy a practice or even

there was nothing left to buy a practice or even a junior partnersh'p.

He might, perhaps, have got an assistant's place in the country, but Paul was ambisious. He did not want to rusticate in a rural village, he wished to win name and fame for himself, and so he settled at Clapham, partly because he knew the neighbourhood well from having lodged in it for seven years, and partly because Dr. Parker, a

leading practitioner there, was an old friend of his and would be sure to give him his good

Practice dropped in sufficient to give Paul plenty of work, but many of the patients were gratis ones, and others showed themselves very plenty of work, but many of the patients were gratic ones, and others showed themselves very backward in satiling their accounts, so that though Dr. Arcastrong never had to spend his days at home because he had no sick people to visit, the demands on his time did not bring in anything like a corresponding amount of money, and he had hard work to pay his way and keep up such appearances as his profession and the custome of Prettyman-road required.

Happliy, he had an old servant who had lived with his mother, and made a shilling do rasher more than its usual work. Happliy, also, Prettyman-road was not exacting.

The house had been newly painted and papered when Paul went into it, and so that the steps were of immaculate purity, and she blinds clean and rolled up straightly, it mattered very little to the road's esteem that two or three of the upper rooms were quite empty, that the butcher's cart only called twice a week, and Martha was the sole retainer, except a boy to deliver medicine.

There was a large brian plate on the door, and a side entrance.

ere was a large brass plate on the door, and a side entrance round the corner for the grails patients, who flocked there twice a week from

sight to ten.

The house shood at the corner of the street, and its reat might have been thirty or five-and-thirty pounds a year. A smaller one would have contained Paul and his factorum, but something must be sacrificed to "appearances," and to that end the young doctor paid about ten pounds a year of unnecessary read and taxes.

He had very few filends in Clapham. A man does not make many, as a rule, in a Londen suburb. Dr. Parker asked him to dinner twice a year, three or four young men who had been fellow students, dropped in sometimes to smoke pipe; but of feminine society—except at the Shrubberies—Paul was quite destitute.

He knew Mrs. Parker and her daughter well enough to call on them sometimes on a Sunday,

enough to call on them sometimes on a Sunday,

enough to call on them sometimes on a Sunday, but he was not a young man to get on easily with ladies.

His patients were mostly of a class a triffe below his own, and there was something in Paul's appearance and manners which kept second-rate people at a distance.

In sickness this vanished, and humble matrons felt perfectly at home with him, but their feare returned with health.

Tour admired by internals the result there are

returned with health.

They admired him intensely, thought there was no one so clever as "ear young doctor," but they never dreamed of asking him to "a cut off the Sanday's joint," or to "smoke a pipe with Mr. B—— when the children were in bed."

Paul Armstrong did not regret this. He was no misanthrope. He had no taste for a hermit'e life, but he did not care—in the least for humdrum society.

drum society.

He would have visited a friend of kindred feelings and tastes gladly had that friend lived in one room, but he objected intensely to pre-

in one room, but he objected intensety to pe-tention and lack of refinement.

He was at this time inne-and-twenty, a tail, broad-abouldered young fellow, with dark curly hair, large thoughtful brown eyes, good features, a trille too strongly marked, and a rather cynical

Miss Parker-she was engaged to be married to

Miss Parker—ahe was engaged to be married to a man she adored, so there could be nothing personal in the ides—always told her mother it would be the making of Dr. Armstrong to fall desperately in love, but it this was so at this time Paul remained unmade.

It chanced that the young man was unusually busy after that August evening he spent in Miss Tabitha's garder. The dog days were fairly in, and though a very pleasant time of year in the country or by the sea side, they are often apt to make work for a doctor in a densely populous London suburb.

Armstrong's practice lay chiefly among those

Armstrong's practice lay chiefly among those who do not migrate for change of air in August, and he found his hands remarkably full, so much so that he had not time even to go over to the Shrubberies for an hour's chat. ul

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It was just a week after that interview with Miss Tabitha that he returned home unusually sired. He felt jaded and out of spirits. He had had a hard day's work, and the hot pavelent he was far entirely from a carriage—had had had a hard day's work, and the not pave-ments—he was far enough from a carriage—had made his feet ache. He was out of spirits and a little out of tune with the world in general. "If there are no messages, I declare I'll go

little out of tune with the world in general.

"If there are no messages, I declare I'll go straight over to Miss Tabitha's," he decided, as he put his latch-key in the lock; "her garden will be a paradise on such an evening. Hey, Martha i what is it?" for the old servant had come hurrying up with rather an anxious face.

"Do. Parker has been twice, air, and he wants to see you to night, if possible."

"Bother!" ejscalates Paul, who never stood on exemony before his good old servant, "what on earth can he want! I suppose it's important if he sent twice!"

"He came himself, sir," said Martha, much impressed; "he was walking the last time, and he said he'd come again if I could tell him for certain when you'd be in, which, of dourse, I couldn's ! "

"What's up !" pondered Paul; "something special to make the old gentleman so impera-

"He seemed in a great hurry, sir," rejoined Marths, "and please, air, did you know Miss Luigh's gone !"
"Guse where !" asked Paul, simply; for Miss Tabiths was rather fond of little trips to the seaside, where she was usually attended by one of her affectionate nices.

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," replied Martha.
"Dr. Parker, he seemed in a rare way the second time, and he saked me, 'Desm't your master know Miss Tabitha's gons I' and I said you hadn't mentioned anything about Miss Leigh

A strange fear sefued Paul, Perhaps to was

A strange fear select Paul. Perhaps is was her parting charge to him that summer evening which had put it into his head. Could Dr. Parker possibly mean that the kind old maid had gone, not to the senside, but a longer journey—to that haven whence no traveller returns;

"I'm off to Dr. Parker's now, Martha!" he said, abruptly. "No, I'é no time for tea. You can have some ready for me when I get back!"

Some men would have gone to the Shrubberles, and asked point blank after their old friend.

Paul Armstrong did nothing of the sort, though the old house lay only a stone's throw out of his way to Dr. Parker's mansion. He had never met any member of Miss Tabitha's family, but he was well aware, from Dr. Parker and others, that they were a grasp-

ing, mercenary set.

It seemed to him almost descration to think of them ruling even temporarily over the old sady's home. Besides, as they made a practice of disliking all Miss Tabisha's personal friends, no doubt they had labelled him in their own

and doubt they had labelled him in their own minds as "dangerous"!

No; he was better away. It might be a foolish fancy, born of his dejected frame of mind, when he received Martha's message. It might be that Dr. Parker would tell him of Miss Tabby as enting ahrimps at Margate or gesting at the Brighton shops; but if anything had indeed happened to her, why then his visits at the Shrubberies were over, and he would rather not see the dear old place in other hands.

place in other hands.

Dr. Parker had just finished dinner. Paul was shown into the sivrary, and in a minute the

old man joined him.

cid man joined him.

"A nice dance you have given me, Armstrong. I wrote to you days ago, and asked you to call."

"Then I never had your letter;"

"That's Florence, then. I trusted her to post it. Bless me, Armstrong, when a girl has a lover she had better be married at once cut of hand, for she's not a bit of use at home afterwards. Well, of course, I want to talk to you about poor Miss Tablitha. I thought you'd surely have been about that, even if you didn't get my note!"

The word "poor" told Paul Armstrong everything. He singgered as one atruck by a sudden blow. He had loved the little old maid dearly. Her house was the nearest approach to home he

had known since his mother's death. He was overworked and depressed. Faint from extreme heat and long fasting, he turned as white as a

You don't mean she's dead !"

"She died on Sanday morning. Bless me, Paul, what's the matter?"

Then, being a practical man, and knowing a little of his friend's circumstances, he darted into the dislog-room, selesd on a glass, filed it with port wine, cut a thick slice of cake, and rushed off with his prize under the footman's

very eyes. "Drink that off first. Now sat the cake," he mean to be obeyed. You're half killing yourself, young man, and I don't mean to encourage you in to I shall not say another word till you've done as I tell you.

done as I tell you."

Peul saw compliance was the shortest way out of the discussion. He finished the refreshment, and then leant back in the easy chair with a strangely-troubled look on his face.

"You may think it foolish, Dr. Parker," he said, simply, "but I feel unmanned. Miss Leigh was neither bith nor him to me, but I loved her deads."

"So did I," said Dr. Parker, a little groffly,
"and my wife, too. Mrs. Parker was with her at the last, and wanted to send for you, but I wouldn't let her!"

"Why not f Suraly professional ofiquette "Professional effquette be hanged!" sa usional effquette be hanged!" said the irritably. "I like you, Paul, and I old man, irritably. "I like you, Paul, and I wanted to save you from the poor soni's relations. There'll be fuss enough as is is, but it would have There'll be fuss enough as is is, but it would have been ten times worse if they could have said you were with her at the last. They are a worse set than you can understand, young man. Why, they'd be capable of saying you capied her into making her will when she was dying! No, at any rate, I have saved you that, and she died of syncope, and was quite unconscious at the last. You were bast away."

"But what have I to do with her will!"

Dr. Parker stared

Dr. Parker stared.

"Don't you know!"

"Oaly this, that when I was there a week ago she made me promise solemnly, if there was any attempt made to upeat her will I would do my utmost to see it carried out. She seemed in perfect health then. I tell you, doctor, I was perfectly amuzed to hear of her death."

"She always had a weak heart," said Dr. Parker, gravely, "and it seems she saw something in the paper that worked her. I brought the

In the paper that wornied her. I brought the paper away with me, and I'll give it you presently, but I can find no cine from it, nor can my wife. Lat me see, what was I saying! Oh, do you really mean Miss Tabitha gave you no cine to the

"I can hardly say that; but—"
"I can hardly say that; but—"
"You need not think you are betraying her confidence by telling me. I and old Carleton are the executors, and she showed it to me before she signed it."

Then I need not scruple. She told me she "Then I need not ecrupis. She told me she had left all her property away from her brothers. She wanted half to go to Charlotte Gennic, her states's only child. She was afraid to leave her money directly to her nice, since the other relations might worry her, so she bequeathed everthing to a friend she felt she could trust, to make half over to Miss Glennic, when she could be discovered. I remember it struck me at the time it was rather a blind confidence to repose in

any man."
"I don't think he need be feared," said the dector, quietly," but there'll a fearful work with the relations. I've had about a score down on me already with questions about the will. I've put them all off saylog it's in Carleton's keeping, and he won's open it till after the funeral."
"When is that i"

even, warned her-knowing something of your pride-you were as likely as not to restore it all to her brothers, but she said she would settle that."

"She has," and Paul recollected Miss Tabby's strategem. "She made me promise solemnly to do my utmost to prevent her family from trying to upset her will, and I passed my word I would see itacted upon, if possible."

The physician smiled a little grimly.

"She was a cleverer woman than I thought

"She was a clearer woman than I thought for. She has chosen almost the only way of insisting on your taking the property. You can't refuse it after this, but the relations will be ready to tear your eves out."

I expect they will. Dr. Parker, I am not "I expect they will. Dr. Parker, I am not sich, but I shink I would give anything I possess rather than this should have happened."
"Then you're an idiot," said the old gentleman, tartly. "There's not one of Miss Tabisha's

family deserved a cilver sixpence from her. The money came from two people who weren't in the least related to the Leighs. If anyone had a right to please herself in disposing of her fortune that woman was my poor old friend."

"But they will say I courted her for her

money.

"Let them. You know you didn't, and I tell you what, sir, you have Miss Glennie's interest to think of. You can't refuse your good fortune wishout risking here. It's not a penny piece she'd get from her fine uncles and consins."

"I can make it all over to her."

"You can't, Miss Tabitha had a mind to have her own way. She has left the Shrubberries and everything she dies possessed of, after the egacies are paid, to you; but the house itself, the furniture, the plate, jewels, and such like, besides a clear two thousand a year, are yours only, for life. They are to descend at your death to your eldest son, and she expressly desires that you will call him Leigh. You see, she has anticipated your desire to despoil yourself, and prevented is. In a word, it you found Must Glennie to morrow you could only give her fity thousand pounds; and if you were a dishenourable fellow you need not give her a penny."

And the other relations ! "They are not even mentioned. Oh, there'll wful fuss! Reuben Leigh told me he be an awrai ress! Assuben Leigh told me he expected the savings to amount to a fortune. Now, as a fact, there are no savings except enough to pay the legacles. She put that saids some years ago, and since that every January she has sent a cheque to some charity for the amount of her income remaining after her last twelve months' expenses were paid."

"I shall feel like a swindler."

"And how am I to find Miss Glennie t."
"Oh, she has seen to that—strange the hankering she has had all her life after that girl:" You are as bad as poor Miss Tabliha," said

Paul, half smitting, sibelt he spoke sadly. "She would call her 'Little Lotty'; and new you speak of her as 'the glrl,' whereas Mus Girnnio muse be in reality hard on forty."

"Well, well, Miss Tabitha and I are old fools.

well, suits Tables and Lare old fools. She worshipped Dallas Gleonie, and I loved Charlotte Leigh well emough to pratty well break my heart over her loss, as I suppose we can't realise the child of those two is a woman

"Have you say idea where Miss Glennis is !"
"Not the slightest, Her father was an arrant scoundrel, Persuaded that poor obtid he should commit suicide if she didn't listen to him. She was as good as engaged to me at the time. Bless me, Paul, a man dozen't forget these things. It was twelve years and more before I looked at a woman again, and well-uigh twenty before I married. My wife's a good creature, and I love her dearly. I'm fond and proud of Floy, but yet, after all this time, I can't help taking an interest in Loty's child."

"The day after to-morrow."

"I should like to go."

"You'll have to be there. My dear boy, haven't you guessed yet why I was so anxions so see you? You are Miss Tabitha's heir!"

"I—impossible,"

"IV's true enough. I told her over and over again it would be better for you to know it. I

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of the old romance would have round "Lotty's child," and Dr. Parker would be her friend

whatever happened.

The doctor was but little over sixty. He ave been a mere lad as the time of Dallas Glannie's marriage, yet the wrong had rankled Glannie's marriage, yet the wrong had rankled all these years. He was rich and prosperous, his wife idelized him; their daughter was a girl any parents might have been proud of, and yet —he had not forgotten. Possibly Miss Tabitha had known the old

man's romance, for they had been tried friends for years. Mrs. Parker gave her almost a daughter's love, and it was to her first outside own house that Florence had carried the news

of her engagement.

"She was a good woman," repeated the doctor, absently; "and she didn't forget Floy.
She left the child two hundred pounds to choose a wedding present."

CHAPTER II.

PROBABLY in the course of his life as a pro-fessional man, Paul Armstrong would have to face one or two trying moments, but never, if he lived to be a hundred, would be have to go through such an ordeal as awaited him after Tabitha's funeral.

To begin with, he was a sensitive man, with feelings as tender as a woman's. It jarred on him inexpressibly to see strangers in Miss Tabby's house, turning over her books, scolding her pet cat, and making themselves, as it were, at home there. Then he knew perfectly what was coming, and to see the egger expectant faces, and feel how different they would look presently was a trial.

The seven brothers were all there, five of them produced their wires; and Mes Tablisha was also followed to her grave by twenty-nine nices and twelve nephewa. Paul counted the total number of each, but he was quite unable to dis-uribate them correctly among the seven mourning

Dr. Parker told him later that one of these Dr. Farker told him later that one of these seven was a bachelor, and another's wife was detained at home by the very recent arrival of another nephew for Miss Tabiths. The "dear departed," as her relations persisted in calling her, was divided in age by a great gap from the surviving Lalphs.

Miss Tabiths, the only child of her father's first marriage, was a desen years older than the erring Lotty; and the sons came later still, so that the youngest of the seven was hardly forty-five, and doubtless besides the forty-one nieces and nephews present, there were a great many lesser de ants at home.

Fortunately, Mr. Carletov, the lawyer, was a man of cool common sense; he had been intimate enough with Miss Tabitha to know exactly the emough with hims Tabita to know exactly the expectations of her relations, but he was as calm and as self-possessed as though he had no ides of the impending storm, a man of decided temper and authoritative manners, just the sort of person to keep an excited growd in order. Dr. Parker looked at his friend as he began to read the will and almost envied his sang froid

and almost envised his cang froid.

The document was very short and simple; the legacies came first, and were so few that the relations felt quite consoled to think how little inroad would be made on the bulk of the property; two hundred pounds to Florence Parker to buy a wedding present, a hundred apiece to three local charties, a small annuity to each of her servants, and a thousand pounds to Mr. Carleton to be spent by him in tracing the testator's dearly loved tiese. Charlotte Glangle and tor's dearly loved risce, Charlotte Glennie, and discovering either her present abode, or the date of her death. Dr. Parker and the lawyer were sole executors, and as such received bequests of five hundred such.

Mr. Carleton paused at this point, and the interest of his listeners grew intensitied, but disappointment awaited them. Miss Tabitha named Paul Armatrong, son of her dearest friend, as her heir and residuary legates, stipnisting that the Shrabberies, the immiture, plate, and jewels, with a clear half of the personal property in the funds, should be his only for life, and should

descend to his eldest son; of the other molety, amounting to about fifty thousand pounds, he was

at liberty to dispose.

The storm of reproaches, taunts and abuse which broke on Paul's ear even surpassed his

expressions.

"I shall upset the will!" said Reuben Leigh, the most worthless of the seven brothers.

"It's easy to see," said Mrs. John, a slater-in-law, with a red nose and short temper, "how the poor soul eams to die so suddenly. It was just tempting Providence to go making her doctor her heir; she might have known what would come of it!"

"Madam "with Dec."

"Madam," cried Dr. Parker angrily, "I'll thank you to retract that speech. I have been for years Miss Leigh's sole medical attendant. My professional income is well known to be counted by thousands. I am hardly likely, I should imagine to commit murder to secure a legacy of

imagins, to commit murser to secure a segacy of five hundred pounds."

"I didn't mean you," confessed Mrs. John, promptly, "I meant young Armstrong."

"Dr. Armstrong," said the lawyer, with a stress on the professional title, "never had any medical acquaintance with Miss Leigh; their intercourse s of a purely friendly nature

There is no need to dwell on the scene that follow

Paul would giadly have gone home, and left the relations masters of the field, but Mr. Carleton insisted on his staying till the last of Miss Tabitha's kindred had left the premises. Then there was a hurried consultati ors and the happy (1) legatee.

Of course, you'll come and live here!" said Carleton, decidedly. "It's the best house in world for a doctor. Have your plate put up, send round circulars announcing your remova your patients, and move in bag and baggage."

il stared Live here! I should be lost,

"Live here! I should be lost."

"It's no larger for you than it was for poor Miss Tablitha; it's the best plan really. Those people who have just left may give an infinity of trouble, coming postering the servants; if you take possession at once, you'll put a stop to that."

"But it seems like seising on the things as soon as the breath is out of her body."

as the breath is out or her body."

"It was her wish," said Dr. Parker quietly;
"she asked me before she made her will if it would
annoy me to have another doctor so near
to me, and I told her the truth: I shouldn't
mind if another doctor set up next door to me.
I'm getting an old man; I don't want more money
than I have, my old settents are not likely to I'm getting an old man; I don't want more money than I have; my old patients are not likely to desert me, and I don't care if I never have a new one. You just hear reason, Paul, and move here. You'd better start your brougham at the same time, and if I know anything of human nature, your practice will be doubled in three months."

Miss Tabitha's servants—an old man who acted as gardener and general factorum, and two neat maids—expressed their willinguess to accept Dr. Armstrong for a master, and there was no doubt Martha would be in her glory as housekeepeer. Mr. Carleton declared that in a week's time the new heir might be established at the old house.

new heir might be established at the old house.
"We have forgotten one thing," said Paul, gravely, to the lawyer: "the search for Miss Glennie."

"I shall put it into the hands of the right sort

of person to morrow."

"And," he hesitated, "life is uncertain, Mr. Carleton, and if I die Miss Tabibla's wishes might be neglected. I should be much obliged if you would make my will; never mind how short it is; just that I leave all I have to Charlotte

"All you can leave," said Mr. Carleton, jest-igly. "Half your property is reserved for your son, recollect.

"I shall never marry, Mr. Carleton. Don't let there be any delay, please; I shall not feel easy until Miss Glannie's rights are secured."
"A strange young man, Parker," said the executor to the old doctor after dinner, for the Parkers were hospitable people, and Mr. Carleton had been invited to return wish his old friend.
"As good a lad as ever breathed," sgreed the host, "but as proud as Lucifer. He'd have given

back every penny to the family if Miss Tabitha had not tied his hands."

"He'd better marry," said Carleton, shrewdly; with a wife and family to think of, he would

My Floy says it would be the making of him to fall in love.

What a pity she has not a slater ! "

Paul went home to Prettyman road, feeling more affection than he thought he had possessed

for the meagre house.

Martha met him at the threshold.

"There's no messages, sir," she announced, triumphantly; "and your tea's all ready."

But he was not to enjoy it. Perhaps as a revenge for his having deserted them all the afternoon, his patients determined to be

He had only just poured out his first cap when there came a l

ere came a loud ring at the surgery.
"Drat that bell !" said Martha, really put out, "That that bell I said martins, really purous,
"They might let you have a little peace, sir."
She flounced off to answer the bell. She was
so long before she returned that Paul began to
expect it was some of his poorer patients, and
Martha was trying to persuade them to wait till morning.

She was an invaluable servant, and, in the male, a kind-hearted woman, but Paul had never managed to teach her that the lives of poor people were as valuable as those of their betters. It was a point on which Martha held her own opis

opinion.
"The doctor is in," Paul hoard her say as he reached the door, "but he is very much engaged. Unless it's urgent, I don't think he can come to-night."

"Here, Martha," interposed the master, cheerfully, "you can go downstairs. I'll attend to this."

this."

Martia retired in high dudgeon, and Paul found himself face to face with a girl whom he had never seen before. She was plainly, almost shabbliy, dressed, and the heavy rain had soaked her thin black mantle through and through. She had no umbrells, and the water poured off her hat. Paul's quick eye took in all this before he even looked at her face.

"Come in," he said, kindly, convinced she had not come out in such weather without real cause. "Come in and tell me what I can die for you."

had not come out the surgery and lighted the gas, for though it was daylight still out of doors, the dark clouds made it already gloomy within. He placed a chair for her, but she never took it. She only turned her soft, dark eyes on the other materials.

"Oh, air, come with me, or you will be too late.

He took up his hat and coat and was ready. The rain and wind ceased opportunely as they started, so that it was possible to speak without his voice being drowned.

"Where do you live I who is it that is ill I"
"Warden-road," answered the girl, quietly;
"and it is my sister."

"I don't know.

"I don't know."

"You must have some idea," returned Paul.
"Is it a sudden stack? has she been siting long?
what are the symptoms?"

"She has not been strong for a long time.
She used to see Mr. Marks; he gave her a touls, but to-night, when I came home, I found her on the floor in a white heap, and she won't more or speak to me; it seems as though she were dead."

Paul knew Mr. Marks by name, a sharp spoken, rather pushing young surgeon, who had lately set up at the corner of the Warden-road. He had heard it whispered that Marks was not fully had heard it whispered that Marks was not fully qualified, and he had gleaned, chiefly from his own gratis patients, that the man was simply detected by the poor, though he seemed a great favourite with the small tradespeople of the

"Why didn't you go to Mr. Marks!" he asked his companion, not unkindly, but naturally. "If he has seen your sister before, he would understand her case better than a stranger."

"He would not come."

"Did you ask him t"

"It would have been no use—he never sees anyone unless he's paid first; it's eighteenpence if you go to him, or half-a-crown if he comes to you—and I had not got it," and the last words came after a painful pause.

Dr. Armstroug hated himself for having uswittingly forced her to make such a confession. He longed to say something of anology, but while

withingly forced her to make such a confession. He longed to say something of apology, but while he hasitated to think how to word it she misunderstood his silence.

"Indeed you shall be paid, sir," said Helen Fortesone, eagerly. "I shall have some money or Saturday, and I will be sure to now you."

Fortescue, esgerly. "I shall have some money on Saturday, and I will be sure to pay you." "For pity sake don't talk like that," asid Pan, speaking almost grafit, because he was "For pity sake don't talk like that," said Paul, speaking almost grafily, because he was so touched. "A man must be inhuman to refuse to do his best for any who needs his help. You mustn't judge all doctors by such a pitiful specimen as Marks. Some of us have a little feeling. Is this the house?" as she stopped. "I suppose you are in lodgings?"

"Yes." She blushed orimson. "My name is Furtescue, Dc. Armstrong, and I am a copying clerk in a law stationer's office in Lundon."

She opened the door with a latch-key. A woman, probably the landlady, came into the narrow passage at the sound. She seemed a respectable sort of body, poverty-stricken (Warden-road was many degrees lower in the social scale than Prestyman-road), but next and clean.

social scale than Prestyman-road), but neat and clean.

"She's just the same, Miss Fortsecue," said Mrs. Gibbs, civilly. "I've been a-watching her ever since you went, but she's never stirred."

It was the top front-room of the little house where Helen preceded Paul Armstrong. Something very white and still was lying on the bed, and Paul knew as he looked at it that he had not been brought out on this inclement night on any false pretence. This patient needed him as badly as any could.

There was something touching about the room, everything in it spoke of poverty—not the fiaunting, complaining nagleet which some use to impress their troubles on other people, but the patient endeavour to make the best of a very little, the neatness and humble contrivances which try so hard to keep something homelike about a dwelling, however humble.

Helen Fortesone bent over her sister with a dumb terror in her beautiful brown eyes; she looked about eighteen; her dress was worn and mended, her face thin and plached, but it had a strange sweetness about it. Dorothy had probably been the prettier of the two, she was falter and her eyes were blue. Paul Armstrong could understand, under happier circumstances, she might have been lovely; now she looked just like a little faded flower broken by the wind.

There were no restoratives in the house, but,

There were no restoratives in the house, but fortunately, he chanced to have some powerful smelling salts in his pocket. By the help of these he seen brought Dorothy Portesone back from the borderland of unconsciousness.

"That's better," he sald, when she had opened

her eyes and even spoken feebly.

"Now, Miss Fortsscue, perhaps you'll tell me why you fainted. "Do you know you've given your elster a terrible fright?"
"I couldn't help it," said the girl with a shudder. "Nell, don't be frightened, but I've seen him."

If ever terror and dismay were painted on human face they were on Nell's then; she put one hand to her head as though to still its aching; her voice had a ring of bitter angulah as she asked:

she saked:

"Are you quite sure, Dolly!"

"Could I mistake!"

"Now, young ladies," said Paul, interposing with assumed obserfulness, "remember you are under my authority; you have placed your sister under my care, Miss Fortescue, and I inels on her being kept quiet. You had better get her to bed as soon as you can, and I will send something to make her sleep. Now, remember, there is to be not tallier and I!"

thing to make her sleep. Now, remember, there is to be no talking at all."

Helen followed him from the room; the friendly Mrs. Gibbs came back to sit with Dolly. Paul never attempted to remonstrate when he

saw Helen meant to go ont again; he guessed perfectly the Fortescues had but one room, and that she wanted to speak to him out of Dorothy's

hearing.

"Well?" he said, as though it had just occurred to him, "It has left off raining, and if you could step round with me to my surgery, I daressy you would get the medicine sooner, as my boy will be gone home."

Bhe said nothing, only followed him with that strange look of terror still on her face; but when they had reached the surgery, Paul put a chair for her, and instead of beginning to compound the medicine, sat down opposite her and saled.

"Have you no parents, Miss Fortescue !" · No.

"Forgive the seeming curiosity—have you and our sister really no relations;" Nell raised her head and looked into his face.

Something she saw there seemed to inspire her confidence, for she cried impulsively,—

"I should like to tell you. You might advise me, only it is a long atory, and perhaps you are busy."

"I am only a vonr service." said Paul.

"I am quite at your service," said Paul, kindly, "and I will do my best to help you. First I ought to tell you your sister is very ill. She needs perfect quiet, the greatest care, and plenty of nourishing food."

"She is dying of terror and starvation," said Nell, bitterly. "Do you think I do not know it, Dr. Armstrong. Well, there are times when I am almost glad to know it; at least she will be safe

"Miss Fortescne, she is not dying. It is at present not beyond the power of cure. Your troubles seem heavy enough, but don't go cut of your way to think them worse."

Nell looked at him gratefully.

"If I could only give her rest and peace," she said, wistfully, "but I am so handicapped; let me tall you all."

Paul thought he had accomplished.

Paul thought he had never heard a sadder Paul thought he had never heard a sadder story, nor one told more unselfishly, by Nell's version, she and Dorothy were alike in misfortuce and suffering, but Paul, reading between the lines, guessed that Dorothy had been a petted, spolled beauty, and that not only had she wrecked her own life, but had dragged her sister down with her into trouble and distress.

Their father was a clergyman, and at his death they had been received into an orphan asylum, whence at seventeen and eighteen they had gone out into the world as governesses.

"I should have taken you for eighteen now," said Paul, interrupting her.

said Paul, interrupting her.

"And I am one-and-twenty,"

Is was a pitiful story. The younger sister had attracted the notice of her employer's son, and been dismissed. Another situation was provided that the state of the stat for her, with the same result; then she deter-mined to get her living on the stage, and became a music-ball stoger. For a little time she anconeded.

succeeded.
"I never saw her then," said Nell, sadly, "My employers were very kind, but they had a horror of music halls, and—indeed the people Dolly had to meet were not fit associates for my pupils. She was so good and generous she would not

to meet were not fit associates for my pupils. She was so good and generous she would not come to me lest she should draw me into trouble. For a whole year I never saw her."

Which Faul interpreted to mean that Dolly, being tolerably prosperous, had not worried her alater for twelve months.

"And shen you met—"
"She came to me; it is just nine months ago. She said she was married and getting on, but her husband was much away, and she felt lonely, would not I give up my situation and live with her."

her."

"It was a sacrifice—surely you refused?"

"I refused. I felt her husband would not like
it. I had never seen him. A month later he
wrote to me; his child was dead and his wife
dying, I must come at onne?"

"And your employer?"

Nell's eyes flashed.

"I had been with her over two years, and had
never had a holiday. I told her Dolly was fil,
nechana dwing, and implored her to ist me have a

perhaps dying, and implored her to let me have a week's leave of absence."

"Did she refuse !"

"See did more. She told me Dolly and her husband were no fit company for her governess. If I went to their house I should never seturn to Spruce Gardens. She made me desperate. packed my clothes, and left that very day, suffering her to keep my quarter's salary in lieu of notice. Dr. Armstrong, when I think of that nan I feel desperate."

"Don't think of her," and Paul, gentiy.
"Balleve me, Miss Forteacue, deeds like heradon't go unpunished."

"I went to my slater, and I took an unutterable dislike to her hutband. He had been a 'comie' at the hall where Dolly sang, but he had been 'out' for come time. I did not like his ways to 'out' for some time. I did not like his ways to her. I felt afraid of him, and I could see her tremble when he spoke to her. She was very ill, and at last one day the doctor told me she might recover, but she would never sirg another

"It all came out then. He had married her for her voice. There was a fearful scene. He was off the next morning at daybreak, and we discovered he had sold everything the house contained to a broker, who came that very after.

noon to remove them.

"We came to Warden-road. I should have tried to have got an engagement as daily governees, but I had no references. I write a clear round hand, and a law stationer was glad to employ

me.
"At first we got on tolerably, but Dolly has never recovered from the shock of her child's death

never recovered from the same and her long illness.

"She seems possessed with a terror of har husband's appearing and claiming her; night and day it haunts her. It seems cruel to leave her alone, and yet I must earn our living.
"And you called in Marks?"

"I took her to him once or twice, but he did her no good, and she seemed afraid of him."

"Do you suppose that she really saw her husband?"

"I can't tell."

"Such a man as you describe would not be likely to wish to burden bimself with an invalid

"No; but he may not know our poverty. He may try to find us out to work on our fears. "I don't understand."

Nell blushed.

"He is a bad man. He might seem to want Dolly just to frighten us," blushing. "I would bribe him to leave her in peace."
"You must do no such thing."

"I could not," said Nell, simply ; "I can just

manage to pay our way."

A deep pity filled Paul's heart for the brave, hard-working girl, but he hardly knew what to advise her. He was aware that by the law the ex-comic street could claim his wife, but he did not think him likely to do so. He could only tell Helen his own conviction, give her the remedies he had prescribed for her sister, and promise to look in at Warden-road the following evening.

The girl hesitated as he made this promise, and she seemed about to say something she found it difficult to utter,

Paul nuderstood, and rejoined, promptly:

"It happens I have a patient close to you who
needs a good deal of attention; I can look in on
your slater without the smallest inconvenience.
You must not think of me as looking out for twoand-sixpence like Dr. Marke every time I knock at the door, Miss Fortuscue."

Nell looked at him gratefully.

"But your being kind enough to trust me is no

reason why I should impose on you, Dr. Arm-

"I'll promise faithfully to send in my bill some "I'll promise fathfully to send in my bill some day; meanwhile, Mise Fortesene, you must allow me to have my own way and visit your stater as often as I think necessary. By the way, does your landlady know she is married?"

"No," Helem blushed hosly; "I don't like decait, but is seemed safer."

Paul looked thoughtful.

"Well: If Mr. "you haven's taild me his name.

"Well; if Mr.—you haven's told me his name, by the way—troubles you, you had better end round for me. If I give him a piece of my mind, he may leave you alone for the future."

Holen went away, leaving Paul to wonder why Helen went away, seving Fan to wonder way the little surgery looked so dark and mean. He went back to his interrupted meal and indulged in day dreams of his new life at the Shrubberies, but somehow a girl's face rose up before him now and again; he could not get Nell Fertescue and her strange history out of his mind.

He made a few inquiries the next day, and

He made a few inquiries the next day, and found that the two girls had lived for six months in Warden-road; they paid their way, but it was evidently a struggle; and all the time they had been in their humble lodging not a single visitor had ever inquired for them, and not a single letter had ever come for either of them.

"And," continued Panl's informant, who was own steer to Mrs. Gibbs, and so likely to be correct, "they do say it would be a blessing if the younger one were taken; she's but a poor sickly phing, and leads her poor sicker a pratty life with

younger one were taken; she's but a poor sickly thing, and leads her poor sleter a pretty life wish her grumblings.

very few calls in Warden-road brought Paul

etty much to this same view.

Dorothy was not a favourite with him. She emed discontented and jealous at everything

Helan did. She had undoubtedly been very pretty, but she

struck the doctor as one of the most unamlable young women he had ever met, and he wondered what Nell could find to love in her.

"I'll tell you what it is, Miss Fortescue," he said to Helen when he had attended the invalid k, "you make a great mistake by humour-ics. Dart in everything. You ought to rouse her, and make her see how selfish she is."

Bat Nell shook har head. se has had so much brouble, doctor."

"Well, it seems to me the trouble was of her own brewing. She has wrecked your life for you, and the least she can do is to be moderately grateful in return

Nell blushed crimson at the reproof.

"Dally did not know I cared so much," was the quiet reply; "and I'm glad I found it out in before it was too late -a remark which set Paul wondering—and taking care to make his next visit when he knew Dorothy would be alone, he asked her point-blank if her sister had no

friends.
"She lived for more than two years in one family," he said, cantiously; "did no one she met there take sufficient interest in her to keep up the

acquaintance t

Mrs. Leigh turned her away because she came to nurse me," replied Dorothy; "and I'm sure it was no loss. The Leighs were terribly poor, and Nell was worked to death. Mrr. Leigh was fond of her in a sort of way, and said she would raise her salary when they came into their fortune; but I don't think she meant it."

A strange suspicion came to Paul.
"Was Mr. Leigh's Christian name Reuben!"

'Yes, Do you know him !

"I have met him Well, Mrs. Dart, do you maan to tell me the Leighs cast your sister off without a simple word of kindness!"

"Yes. I think they treated her whamefully ; and they kept her salary, too. Of course, I know you think it was all my fault, Dr. Armstrong, but it wasn't. They were longing for an excuse to get rid of Nell, because of Mr. Williams. Wilmore.

Light broke on Paul.

"What had he to do with it?"
"He was a cousin of Mrs. Laigh's, and he was engaged to Nell; as least, I suppose they shought it was an engagement, but I don't suppose any-thing would have come of it. The Leight would have taken care of that."

Do you mean the engagement is broken off !"

asked Paul, sharply.

"Of course is is. Mrs. Leigh told him a long rigmarole, and he came to our house to see Nell. I was in bed, but my husband saw him, and told me he was a stuck-up, neif-satisfied idlot, and Nell was well-tid of him."

"Do you mean you sent him away without your slater's knowledge?"

Oh dear no," said Dorothy, complacently "Noil had been alone with him for an hour. H gave her her choice between giving him up and dropping all intercourse with us. Of course, she wasn't going to foreake her own relations, so he

want off in a huff. He is engaged to Mrs. Leigh's

dest girl now."
"How do you know!"

"Boxanse we met them once on the Common.
The Leighs have some relations living there.
Well, Mr. Wilmore stopped of his own accord, and introduced Alics as his inture wife. Did you ever hear of anything so inconsiderate!"

"And your slater?"

"Oh, Nell got very white; but when they had passed on she told me she was very glad I had saved her in time, for it would have broken her heart if she had married him, and found out his true nature afterwards. I don't think Nell will ever marry now, she has grown so plain, and seems just cut out for an old maid,"

CHAPTER III.

WITHIN a month of Miss Tablitha's death Dr. Armstrong and Marsha removed to the Shrubberies, and Paul began to perform his professional visits, driving in a very comfortable

It was just as the lawyer had predicted, success ame promptly.
The first week of the brougham he had six

new patients.

new patients.

People evidently thought Dr. Armstrong of the Surubberles quite deserving their confidence, and he was so busy the first few days after his removal that Martha remarked grimly she didn't see the use of his coming into a fortune if it made him work harder than ever.

He told Miss Fortescue of his change of residence very simply. If she needed him at any time she must send to the Shrubberies instead of to

Nell smiled at the news.

"That large house on Clapham Common to, Dr. Armstrong, I am so glad, you must be

getting on !"
Paul smiled.

"I fancy I should have waited long enough for such a house had it depended on my earning it; but it comes to me from a very dear old friend, who specially desired I should live in

"Your wife will like it," said Dorothy calmly, considering she had been left out of the conversation quite long enough, " and the garden will be so nice for the children."

Paul laughed outright.

"You are too generous, Mrs. Dart. I have none of the blessings you would load me with. Didn't you know I am that much-to-be-pitled individual-a bachelor i

Ny" returned Dolly, promptly. " Nell told

me you were married."
Miss Fortescue looked uncomfortable.

"I never remember saying so, Dully."
"Well," said Paul, feeling the conversation had taken an unpleasant drift, "there is no mixtrees of the Shrubberles, and a single man cannot possibly get through the quantity of fruit and vegetables the gardens provide, so you must let me keep you supplied with green stuff, Miss Fortescue."

A surprise was in store for the doctor. He had no sooner fairly settled at the Shrubberies than he received visits from all Miss Tabltha's seven brothers, and the strangest part of the business was that they all ignored the very un-pleasant things they had said about him, and

pleasant things they had said about him, and pressed him most warmly to visit them.

"I can't understand it," Paul remarked to.
Dr. Parker, with whom he was dining the following Sunday. "I must be a good ten years younger than the most javenile of them.
Sarely they don't expect to outlive me and come in for all I can leave as an act of resiltution?" tion 1

Mrs. Parker smiled.

"Ab, Dr. Armstrong, the problem is very simple, and if only you were a conceited man it would not puzzle you."

"But it does puzz'e me," confessed Paul.
"I have a strong idea there is some object in
this sudden amiability, and I want to discover

Dr. Parker chuckled.

"Ah, Armstrong, you're too simple for this wicked world. Some of the Mesers, Leigh have grown-up daughters, others have sistem-in-law dependent on them. There's not one of the seven, my boy, but has some young lady they would like to recommend you as queen consort of Shrubbe

Paul stared.

"Do you mean it ! "

"Do you mean it?"
"Of course, it's as plain as a pikestafi. You're
the most eligible bachelor of their acquaintance.
At the worst you've two thousand a year you
can't make ducks and drakes of. Why, Paul, do
you know Mrs. Renben setually called on my
wife the other day, and said her second daughter,
Sybil, was quite a genius for learning and intelligence, just the girl to marry a professional
man !"

If I the Alice heat?" Interpreted Mrs. Paylor.

"I like Alice best," interposed Mrs. Parker, "but I hear she is engaged to that detectable

young Wilmore."

Paul looked up quickly.

"I have heard a little about Mr. Wilmore lately. I wish you would tell me what you know of him."

"He's not a bad fellow," said the doctor,
"only he is so contemptibly weak. His father
was a shopkeeper, and he's so afraid of propie
finding it out he gives himself the airs of a deka.
Mrs. Reuben Leigh is a kind of cousin of his, and the most presentable connection be has, so I suppose in return for having been coached up in social etiquette, he is to marry her daughter.

He was engaged to someone elsa Florence. "I hope she had the spirit to throw him over. Mr. Wilmore is just the kind of man to be a tyrant, unless his wife took the reins and raied him completely."

roled him completely."

"Which Alice Leigh's mother will insist on her doing," concluded Mrs. Parker. "Don't talk of these people, Floy, it makes me cross; only Dr. Armstrong, if you fall into any of the trape laid for you, don't say you've not been

It was getting towards winter when Dr. Armare was gesting cowards winder when Dr. Armstrong received a note begging him to call on Mr. Carleton at his earliest convenience, and Paul was honestly delighted when he heard that the search for Miss Tabitha's widowed nicec had been ended by Miss Charlotte Giennic herself calling at the office.

at the office.

"You couldn't have given me better news,"
said Paul, heartily. "Mr. Carleton, how soon
can the money be transferred!"
The old lawyer stared at him,
"If you'll take my advice you'll put it off as
long as possible," he said, quietly.
Paul frowned.

"I only regard it as a trust," he returned, gravely; "If I betrayed Miss Tabitha's confidence, I don't think I should have a moment's

Look here !" sald Mr. Carleton, frankly. "Do you take me for a swindler? Do you know I was one of Miss Leigh's most intimate friends, and so can't you listen to me without jumping to emclusions !

"That I wanted to make you keep the money," Interrupted Carleton. "I dareay. Well, just listen! I want you to put off paying Charlotte Glennie fifty thousand pounds as long as you can, because I don't believe she is the woman she claims to be at all." Paul stared.

Paul stared.

"But what object would she have in pretending to be Miss Glennie!"

"Our man's been making inquiries, and, I suppose it leaked out that there was money in question. Now, what I propose to do is this; we haven't spent fifty pounds of the sum Miss Leigh isft to pay for tracing her niese; let us hand the balance over to Miss Glennie! she will be highly delighted, and go off quite ontenued; meanwhils my man will keep an eye on her, and it'll be hard if sooner or later he doesn't find out the flaw in her case."

What makes you so certain there is a flaw ! Because she protests too much, and she contradicts herself: one moment ahe declares her mother died when she herself was born, then, in the same breath, she declares her mother ha told her of her rich aunt, and brought her up to

expect a legacy."
"Where is the father ?"

"More is the father?"
Dead years and I She has all the necessary
papers; proves her own birth and his death. I
tell you, Armstrong, her story is one and dried
perfectly, and yet I'm positive she's no more
Miss Tablitha's niece than I am."

Bat you had never seen either the girl or her

mother.

Never I but birth must tell in the long run. Now, Lotty Leigh was a lady, and Mr. Glennie, though an out and out seamp, came of a first-rate family; this woman can't speak the Queen's English."

Has Dr. Parker seen her !

"Has Dr. Farker seen her t"
"No; but he's heard of her being found, and
wants to ask her to spend a week at Merton
House. In pity for his wife I persuaded him
to have her to tea first. I don't think after an hour or two of her society he'll feel so hospitabla. He means to ask you to meet her. Now, Dr. Armstrong, all I beg of you is to wait; you need not bouch a penny of the money; you can let every farthing of the interest accumulate; but don't pay a cent of it to this woman until we thing more about her.

know something more about her.

The invitation to tea was conveyed by the old doctor in person to his young friend.

"It must be Sanday," said Dr. Parker, rather crossly; "Carleton has an idea I shall not care to introduce Miss Glennie to my friends and we are generally alone on Sundays. It's all a fad of his. I'm not ashamed of people because they are poor, and Lotty's child must be a lade."

"I'll come and gladly," said Paul, promptly.
"Mr. Carleton told you, I suppose, he shought we had better say nothing about the money at

"Yes, he told me; he's a cautious man; but I dareasy to just as well. It might be a shock to her coming so suddenly."

Paul reached Merson House soon after four.

Florence Parker was no longer its ornament; she had left her old house for a neighbouring vicarage only two months before. Het mother was quite alone when Paul was shown into the

drawing-room.

"Ah! Dr. Armstrong!" she said, with a half sigh; "you see the nest is foreaken; our birdle

sigh; "you see any ness is to asked, has flown away."
I don't mean to condole with you," said Paul, cheerfully, "because I know in your heart you are glad Mrs. Morton should make any man as happy as you have her father, and she is to live so near, you will see her

"What do you think the doctor proposes !—
that Miss Glennis should come to us on a long
visit to fill Floy's place!"
"No one could do that, and I rather fancy your proposed guest is a good twenty years older than Miss Parker—I mean Mrs. Morton."

"Do you know I am rasher dreading her?"
raid his hosters, gently. "Both my husband
and Miss Tabby thought so much of seeing her, and if she does not turn out nice, I shall be quite disappointed."

"Where is the doctor 1"
"Called out to an old lady with the gout, but I expect him in every moment."
"Miss Giennie."

The footman made the announcement with the utmost composure, but it was probably the first time he had ushered such a figure as a visitor into his lady's pressure. Miss Giennie looked like a well-so-do monthly nurse dressed in her best; she was so stout that Paul began to fear for Mrs. Parker's pretty chairs; her dress of cardinal French merino looked almost bursting cardinal French merino looked almost bursting at the seams, and her black for cape—far too at the seams, and her black for cape—in the juvenile a garment—refused to meet at all; she had light hair, darkened by a quantity of pomade; her face matched her dress in hue, and her bonnet, of a cheerful purple, was adorned by a bird of Paradise; amiability, nay, almost fawning eycophancy, was written on her face, and she took Mrs. Parker's thin hand in both her own, squres-

ing it so hard that her tight kid gloves split with a loud crack by dint of the exertion.

"It's an 'appy day for me, ma'am," said Charlotte Giennie, warmly, "that sees me restored to my own family. My poor dear pa should have lived to see this 'appy meeting; it would 'ave gladdened his very 'art."

Mrs. Parker looked at Paul, and the very piteousness of the glance brought him to the

rescue.

"Pray sit down," and he wheeled the most substantial chair he could find up to the fire, "Perhaps you don't know my name, Miss Gleanie: Paul Armstrong, an old friend of your aunt's; Mrs. Parker can hardly claim to be related to you, but her husband and your mother were old friends."

"I've often 'ard my ps speak of 'er," said Miss Gioune, blandly, which compliment per-plexed the listeners, since Mrs. Parker had never

set eyes on Mr. Giennie.

It was hard, nay, it was almost impossible, to make conversation, aspecially as both Paul and Mrs. Parker could not help thinking of M'ss Mrs. Parker could not help thinking of M'ss Tabiths, and wondering what she would have said had this vulgar, middle-aged woman been presented to her as her "little Lotty"; but Dr. Armstrong worked manfally, and Miss Glennie fortunately being one of shose people always happy so long as they hear the sound of their own voice, the trie got on far better than might have been expected

have been expected.—
Miss Glennic apologised for her lack of mourning by saying, as she had only heard of her aunt's death three months after it occurred, and she heard that in the highest circle (she said "'ghest") black was only worn a few weeks, she had not thought it worth while to buy any. She knew nothing of Africa; had left it a mere baby. Her pa brought her home to Eogland and took a public-house, but somehow he didn's get on; he never did get on for long together, and he'd heen dead now getting on for a dozon. nd he'd been dead now getting on for a doze

and he'd been dead now getting on for a dozen years.

"I wonder he never sought out his wife's relations," said Mrs. Parker, quietly. "I should have thought he would have tried to find friends for his daughter before he died."

"My poor pa was that proud," said Charlotte, apologetically, "he never would ask anyone for anything, and in those days I'd a young man."

Both her listeners looked steadily on the ground; they dared not meet each other's eyes. At lest Mrs. Parker returned to inquire whether Miss Gennie lived alone, and how (this was most delicately put), she supported herself.

"I won't say but it's 'ard work," confessed Charlotte. "I let lodgings to city gents, which is a deal of work and very little pay; but still, one must have one's bite and sup. I'm sure this money Mr. Carleton talks of 'il be quite a god-send. Nine hundred pounds he thinks it 'il be, which 'id set me up, and keep me as a lady ought to be kept."

Enter the doctor, and Paul, with a great pity

ought to be kept."

Enter the doctor, and Paul, with a great pity at his heart for the shattering of the old man's romance, performed the introduction.

Happily for them Miss Glennie left early. One of her "city gents" indulged that night in a supper party, the hot dainties for which the "ght" could be in no wise trusted to prepare. So very soon after seven she took leave of her dear friends, and departed for Kennington, in which suburb her home was situated.

A dead silence fell on the three. Mrs. Parker would not be the first to speak to her husband of his disappointment. Paul hardly knew what to say. Mr. Carleton admitted Miss Glennie had produced all the proofs of her identity; and yet the lawyer doubted. Paul found himself doubting too.

Dr. Parker broke the stillness by bringing his enched first down on the table with a bang. "I don's believe it," he cried. "You and

Carlston may awear is to me on your kness, Paul, if you like, but I'll never believe that woman is Lotty's daughter i"

His wife hit on the very point of the difficulty by her gentle inquiry. —
"But, dear, if she is not our old friend's niece,

"I don't care!" The old gentleman was

gesting angry. "She is not Lotty's child."
"I suppose Mr. Glennie had not a sister?"
suggested Paul Armstrong. "Depand upon is,
if your late visitor is not Charlotte Glennie. is someone intimately connected with the family.

The dector shrugged his shoulders.

"Why Dallas Glennie was an aristocrat to the backbone! An arrant scamp, I grant you, but patrician to his finger-nails. Fancy his allowing a daughter of his to allude to him as her 'poor pai' Fancy his keeping a public-house! It's no use, Paul; I tell you I knew the man and he couldn't have done such a thing. It is as likely to be true so his being too proud to seek out his rich relations. Way, he'd have gone down in the mud and grovelled to anyone who'd give him a bank-note,

Mrs, Parker Interposed,

she like him !

"Like him! Of course she fan't; she's no more his daughter than you are?

Then, who is she !

"I don't know, Why does not Carleton find at! What's the good of lawyers if they lob self friends be imposed upon! I suppose he'li their friends be imposed upon ! I suppose he'il be idlot enough to let you pay the fifty thousand pounds, Paul !

16 He wanted me to walt three months, I was very much annoyed at the advice; but I confers now I feel inclined to follow it,"

"Three months ! You'd wait three years if yon took my advice. Then, what's the money

The remainder of the amount Miss Tabitha left to be spent in finding her nices. Mr. Carleton fancies if this were paid to her, and she thought we were quits convinced of her identity, she might be off her guard and betray her real station

"She's done that already. She's a lodginghouse keeper at Kennington. I should like to send someone to lodge in her house, but she's so artful she never mentioned her address."

"Mr. Carleton must have it."

But Mr. Carleton appealed to, said he had not got it. He wrote to Miss Glennie at a certain ad in Brixton, and had quite believed she had lived there. Dr. Parker was so angry about the whole business he wanted the lawyer to pay her nothing. Paul inclined to the belief she had better receive the sum advised by Mr. Carleton, since he thought security would be the best way of making her betray herself.

Meanwhile the lawyer suclosed "Miss Glennie" a cheque for fifty pounds, and informed her that there were certain formalities to be gone through before the could touch the rest of the money, and these might, he feared, Meanwhile the anclored

cause some delay.

The lawyer had rather a hard post of it, for The lawyer had rather a hard post of it, for Dr. Parker grambled as him continually, and would not believe it was impossible to prosecute Miss Glennie, though the old gentleman him-self confessed he could prove nothing against her, in fact, everyone was at loggerheads, and might have remained so, but for a bright idea that occurred to young Mrs. Morton when she heard the whole story on coming home after her honeymoon,

Why don't you look for her to the Post Office Directory i If she keeps a lodging house she's probably been in the same street for years. Jest try and find her out, and then Charley can go and sek some question about her spart-ments. He is used to talking to strange people,

you know.

"Mrs. Morton, you are a detective spoils," said Paul, admiringly. "You are quite thrown away on more domestic life."

"But I don's think so," said the young vicar, smiling. "I'll look in the directory to-morrow; but I have the strangest fancy that I know the lady in whom you are interested already."

Charley !

Even the old doctor condescended to prick up his ears and look interested.

" My curate has a brother who lives in lodgings, and because it's cheap and convenient favours Kennington, Young Wells came to his brother's last night, and canually mentioned he had notice to quit because his landindy had come into a fortune. He's rather a droil young fellow, and he gave such a fancy picture of the lady in question and her grammer that it rather impressed me. It seems she consulted him as to whether she ought to wear black when she went to receive the legacy. She neglected dis advice, however, because she believed so firmly in the charms of a cardinal meriuo, which is just the hue of her face."

"It must be our friend," said Paul.

"It must be our friend," said Paul.

"Wells lives at 6, Pentiand-road, Kennington. I can't tell you his landlady's name, but you'll be sure to find him at home any night after nine.

Tell him I sent you and he'll give you any informasion in his power.

"You forget one thing. Having already seen 'Miss Glemnle,' won't she suspect something if I suddenly appear at her house t"

"Then I'll go myself."

He did, and the account he brought back made Paul very thankful he had taken Mr. Carlston's advice, and been in no hurry to enrich the lady who cisimed to be Miss Tabitha's nicce. She had no more right to that name than a stranger, and yet, strange fact, she really was Charlotte Giannie.

Mr. Wall, and fact, the stranger of the

Giannie.

Mr. Wells said frankly she was a respectable, hard-working weman. He had lived with her five years and never missed the value of a sixpeuce. She was a widow. Her husband had been dead (she told him) more than twenty years. He was an idle, wortbless fine gentleman, more plague than profit. Her pa had kept a public and had made a little money, but so great was his distrust of Giennie (so the widow alluded to her departed lord) he tied is up in an annulty, so that his Charlotte enjoyed thirty pounds a year, of which nothing could deprive her.

Mrs. Glennie had no children of her own. She had once vaguely alluded to a step-daughter who quarrelied with her and ran away.

It was as clear as daylight. Dallas Glennie's second wife, possessing the same name as her step-daughter, and having in her keeping all the old family papers, had found it very easy to personate her husband's child, and the fraud might have succeeded perfectly but for Mr. Wells.

Of course, Mr. Carleton sent for her at once, and told her he had discovered everything.

She stood her ground firmly; swore abe was Charlotte Glennie, and she had never told him she was Dallas Glennie's daughter.

He did not care to quarrel with her, for he

she was Dallas Glennie's daughter.

He did not care to quarrel with her, for he thought she might be of use to him.

"Look here, Mrs. Glennie, I believe I could prosecute you for fraud, but I don't wish to. You've had fifty pounds from me already; find your step-daughter and bring her here, and I'll girs you three hundred pounds."

"Honour bright?"

"Honour bright?"

"Honour bright?"

"Honour bright?"

"Honour bright?"

"Only don't try to take me in a second time. If you attempt to palm off a false hefress on me, I'll have the law on you; remember that!"

"Lotty was always an aggravating creature," said the step-mother, dejectedly; "what if I find she's dead?"

"Well, give me proofs of it and the checue's

"Well, give me proofs of it and the cheque's yours just the same; only remember, Mrs. Gleanie, we want certainty, not doubt; you must either produce your step-daughter here in this office, or give me proof positive of her

"I'll bring her, sir, if she's alive; never fear."

CHAPTER IV., AND LAST.

PAUL ARMSTRONG ruled in Mies Tablisha's house, and her relations paid court to him, but be never gave them the elightest cause to hope they had gained a footing in his affec-

The young doctor assemed strangely altered. Martha complained that prosperity did him no good; he was just killing himself with hard work. She did not guess the change in her master was caused by the darts of Cupid's archery.

For the first time in his life Paul Armstrong was

in love.

And he had taken the disease badly, as most men do when they are hard on thirty before they go through the fever.

He never knew how is began; he could not tail when he was first conscious of it; only when the December anow lay thick on the ground he knew there was something without which his beautiful house, his professional success, ay, and even his useful career, could not content him, and that something was the heart of Helen Eurtagen.

He had not seen much of her, counting by hours and minutes, and yet it seemed to him he knew her thoroughly and had known her for

Dorothy was still his patient; indeed, he had now given up speaking of the time when she would

now given up speaking of the time when ane would be well.

Helen knew that the only thing left now was to smooth her sister's path to the grave.

Dolly was not a grateful person; to the sister who devoted heart and life to her she was capricious and complaining; to the doctor who gave her his best skill see was wilful and disobedien.

disobedien.

It seemed as though the girl's life had got warped somehow by her unhappy marriage, and all that was bast and noblest in her lay buried with her baby.

with her baby.

Nell never complained; she worked early and late; she sat up at night to tend her sister if Dolly felt worse; she seemed as though trying to compress the service of years into the little time which remained for her to keep her darling; her check grow wan, her sweet eyes tired and heavy, yet in Paul Armstrong's opinion she was more beautiful every day.

beautiful every day.

He never told her so; her ioneliness, her utber friendlessness, prevented his speaking a single word which would make her embarrassed in his

He came to see Dorothy three or four times a week. He sent her hothouse grapes and flowers, game, and even wine from Miss Tabitha's cellar, assuring Nell, when also remonstrated, the things were of no use to him; it was a charity to help

were of no use to him; it was a charity to help him get rid of them.

The only time he ever spoke even a hint of his admiration was when ones, about a month after their acquaintance began, Helen, with burning cheeks, epoke to him about his bill.

cheeks, spoke to him about his bill.

"Your sister is very delicate," said Paul, simply; "medicine and a doctor's care can't do much for her, but they can do something. I am positive you deny yourself already for her sake; your whole life is a sacrifice to her; then why not let me bestow on her a few idle minutes. Miss Fortescue, let this question rest; leave me free to come and see your sister when I think she needs me, without the worry of thinking that every time you see me you are adding another. every time you see me you are adding another trifle to the enormous bill which in your imagina-tion you see me some time sending you."
"I never thought that of you," said Nell,

"but, oh, Dr. A metrong, how kind you

And before long she was thankful they had ad that conversation, for Dorothy grew worse.

And before long she was thankful they had had that conversation, for Dorothy grew worse. It took every penny of Nell's earnings to provide her with what she needed, and to pay a doctor would have been simply impossible.

No wonder there were lines about Paul Armstrong's face. No wonder people said he had grown graver since his good fortune; he had to endure the pain of seeing the girl he loved suffer poverty and hardship and be powerless to said her. poverty as

He was ricb, he might give Dorothy medical skill and invalid dainties, but he dared not present her sister with a winter dress or a warm mantle.

He had to ride in his brougham and know that Nell was trudging through the anow in her shabby gown and abreadbare jacket. He would have spoken out and risked all but for one

shabby gown and shreadbare jacker. He would have spoken out and risked all but for one thought.

If he once became Nell's rejected lover they could not meet seening after evening at D prothy a bedside, and he knew that for her stater to miss his care would be more pain to Nell than any hardships for herself.

And with the December snows came the sound of Robert Wilmore's wedding balls.

Paul read the announcement in the papers, and wondered if the news had reached Warden-road, and how Nell bore it. For himself he was almost thankful. It seemed one barrier removed between him and his darling. If he knew anything of Helen, she was too noble to love another woman's bushand.

band.

"Why are you so grave!" saked Miss Fortesons that evening, as she followed him into Mrs. Gibbs' little parlour to hear his opinion of Dally. "Has anything troubled you, Dr. Armstrong!"

Ha shock his head.

"I believe I was thinking of you and wondering whether it would be kind or cruel to keep from you something I heard to-day."

"I would much rather know the worst. Oh! have you heard of Dolly's husband! Is he coming here!"

here f "
"Don't tremble so," said Paul almost irritably.
"Pre heard nothing of Dark, and it's my belief
he's gone to America long sgo."
"Then what is it i"
"Mr. Wilmore was married yesterday—it is in

"Mr. Wilmore was married yesterday—it is in to-day's papers."
"I wonder why they put it off," said Nell, elmply. "I thought it was to be in Jene."
"Don't you mind t"
"Mind!" she met his glance fearlessly. "Why should I! I think Alice very well suited to him, and I hope he will be kind to her."
"But he was your lover!"
Nell hesitated.

"But he was your love!"
Neil hestated.
"I thought he loved me," she said, slowly, "and I was so lonely it made me happy just to be loved; but the last time I saw him I knew I had been mistaken. He loved himself better far than me, and he was hard. He had no pity for sorrow or misfortune. Dr. Armstrong, poor Dolly thinks ahe has wrecked my happiness, but I shall be grateful to her all my life for saving me from becoming Mr. Wilmore's wife. The awakening from my mistake was aharp enough, but I have never once regrested it."

"Because you are an abgel."
She shook her head.
"Because I could not trust him, and love with-

She shook her head.

"Because I could not trust him, and love without trust is dead."

"Miss Fortescue," began Paul, slowly, "don's you think we both lead very lonely lives—you

and It"

and I!"
"You have a great many friends," said the girl,
quietly, "and I.—I have Dolly."
"But friends cannot fill my heart, and Dolly
must soon leave you. Mas Fortescue—Nell, forgive
my rashness, but I can keep silent no longer.
When your sister leaves you will you let me try
and comfort you for her loss—will you come to me,
Nell, and be my wife!"
"Your wife!"
"Even so, child! I have not good at speaking.

"Your wife!"

"Even so, child! I am not good at speaking of such things, but I love you with all my heart and soul. I will guard you so far as love can from care and sorrow if only you will be my wife."

"Think of the gulf between us," said Nell. "You are rich and presperous; I am alone in the world."

There is no gulf love cannot cross, and until Paser is no guil love cannot cross, and until last August I was poor enough. Nell, I havelonged to speak to you for weeks, but I feared your heart was Wilmore's, and you are so gentle, I thought if you refused me, you would not like me to come here to see Dolly."

Nell looked up into his face.

"Do you know that I am just a complant along the property of the passes of the passe

"Do you know that I am just a copying clerk at a law stationer's ? do you know that I haven't

"I know that you have worked nobly for your sister, and I long for the time when you can begin to rest. Nell, can't you try to care for me, dear? I am a rough fellow, but I would be all tender-

"Listen!" Interrupted Nell; "bend down your ear. I think I have loved you always; ever since you left your tes to come cut with me, an utter stranger, into the cold, web streets."

atreets."
"Then you will say 'Yes,' Nell !"

"You will let me stay with Dolly," pleaded Nell; "I could not leave her." "I will never ask you to; but, dear, Dolly

cannot be with you long; a few days, a week at most, my child, and you will be alone—no, not alone, love, for I want you to promise to be my wife," he urged, "because then I can goard you better. I have some kind friends, Nell, who will hetter. I have some kind friends, Nell, who will take care of you for my sake. I want you to let me tell them you are my famele, and then when all is over, I can take you to them until we can be married. I can't leave you here alone, dear, when Dolly leaves you."

It was a proud and happy man who walked an hour later into Mrs. Parker's drawing-room, and—(the old doctor being out)—confided his story

to her.
Mrs. Parker looked at Paul with dim sy:

Mrs. Parker looked at Paul with dim eyes.

"It is just exactly like you," she said, when he had finished; "I only wonder I never guessed it, for you have altered tremendously lately. My neughty Floy always said it would be the making of you to fall in love."

"Them please tell her I am 'made.' Dear Mrs. Parker, you will go and see my Nell, won't you! You won't think less of her because she lives in one room and works hard to keep her steam!"

sister 1"
"You must stop that, Paul."
"You must stop that, Paul."
"I've wanted to stop it ever since last August,"
growled Paul, "but I don't see how. Nell's a
lady, Mrs. Parker; she wouldn't take money even from me."

ill go to morrow," said Mrs. Parker, "Do you mean the sister is dangerously I will kindly.

"So much so that it is only a question of

And then Miss Fortescue must come to us."

"And then Miss Fortesene must come to us."
"But the doctor?"
"I generally have my own way," confected
Mrs. Parker, "and I shall explain to him that,
as Tre promised to have Miss Charlotte Glennie
on a long visit when she is found, he can's object
to my saking a guest of my own meanwhile.
By the bye, has anything been heard of the
heirass?"

"I don's believe she ever will be found. De-end upon it, Paul, you will never get rid of Miss

Tabitha's money."

When Mrs. Parker went to Warden-road the next day, she found that Death had been before

Foor Dorothy had passed away in the night, and Paul's little love was indeed—save for himself—alone in the world.

"You must come home with me," said Mrs.
Parker to Nell, whose sweet face won her heart at once, though she wondered what her husband would say to the threadbare dress. "I have told Dr. Armetress. Dr. Armstrong you must be my guest until you go to the Shrubberies."

"My dear, you owe something to Pani; he will expect to see you often, and he couldn't come here now."

Nell's eyes filled.

Nell's eyes filled.

"I am not worthy of him," she said, simply;
"but, oh! I love him so, Mrs. Parker. Did you
ever see anyone so noble!"

The elder lady smiled, not unkindly.

"My dear, he thinks you worthy, and I have
a great regard for Paul's opinion, so I am quite
ready to believe he is right. His has been a very
locally life, and he needs a wife to brighten it.
He is rich enough and clever enough to eatisfy
most men, but I fancy he needs something more
to make him happy."

And shen wish kind, womanly sympathy she
spoke of Dorothy, and persuaded the forlorn
dieter to hid adden to the humble lodgings and
return with her to Merton Hoose.

"We are very quies people, dear, but I think

"We are very quies people, dear, but I think we can make you see at home; and I promised Paul to plead his cause. You are both so much alone in the world, you would not want a grand wedding. I don't see why your sister's death should keep you apart. I think you might put off your black dress for one day, and make Paul happy."

happy."
Dr. Parker had been very angry at his young colleague's romance, and disposed to blame his wife for aiding and abetting him.
"Some uneducated London shop-girl to stay

with us ! I wonder what you'll let yourself be

arenaded into next?"

Mrs. Parker had felt too doubtful of Mis-Fortescue herself to remonstrate very much with her husband; but when she had seen Nell she felt quite ready to "sit upon" the doctor

"Well," he said, crossly—he was getting no in years, and hated strangers—pursuing his wife into her own sitting-room as soon as he came in, "what is she like !"

"what is she like ?"
. "She is charming! Really, dear, I don't shink I could have chosen a nicer wife for Paul myself. Her father was a clergyman, and she was brought up in an orphan asylum."
"Ugh!" grauted the doctor. "Red hair and freckles. I hope she doesn't squint."
But when he saw Nell, dressed in the pretty mourning his wife had chosen for her, he changed his mind, and before dinner was over had become quite in favour of the match.
"You'll have the urestifest home in Claphan.

"You'll have the prettiest home in Clapham, my dear," he said, when he had come to the drawing room for his cup of coffee; "and one of the best women in England lived there. I never want to meet a kinder heart than Miss Tabitha's. It's a strange, old-fashioned name, but it into an ited her."

but it just suited her."
"I like it," said Nell, simply. "It was my

"Your mother's !" exclaimed the doctor,

"Your mother's!" exclaimed the doctor.
"Bless me, why I never heard of anyone but my
poor old friend being called Tabisha."
"Mamma was obristened after an aunt she
never saw. Grandpapa was very unfortunate,
but he said he started her in life wish a good name. She was so good and pretty, it almost broke my fathers heart when she died, and he only lingered six months after her."

"And you were not called Tabitha—what a

pity 1

"No. Dolly's second name was Tabitha, but she did not like it, and so it was never used. I was christened after mamms, too, for my second name is Charlotte." Dr. Parker seized her hand.

Dr. Parker seized her hand.

"Good gracious! I have the strangest idea.
What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Glennie," replied Nell, much perplexed;
"but I don't think you can know any of her family, she was an only child."

Mra Parker smiled.

"Well," she said, kindly, "do you know that all this while Paul Armstrong has been seeking for you! It was your aunt who left him his fortune and the Shrubberies. I don't think in all the world there could be a more suitable wife. all the world there could be a more suitable wife for him; but the strangest thing is that it has all come about by accident."

Of course Paul was told the wonderful story, but he did not seem in the least elated, and would evidently quite as soon his darling had remained a girl

s penniless girl.

Still, her riches made no difference in his love; and so, when the anowdrops bloomed on Dorothy's grave, "Little Lotty," as old Dr. Parker persisted in calling Nell, became Mrs. Paul Armstrong, and went home a bride to the Shrubberles, where she and her husband live together happy in their mutual love, and always ready to help other people with Miss Tabitha's Money.

[THE END.]

THE ocean, it is estimated, contains 7,000,000 cubic miles of sait, and if it could be taken out at once, the level of the water would not drop an inch.

A NOVEL experiment in church activity is to be made by the First Christian Church of Columbus, Indiana. Instead of spending a considerable sum of money on a steeple, the congregation has desided, in planning for its new church, to erect a simple edifice with a roof-garden on top. During the hot summer months service will be held here amid the scent of flowers and under the waving branches of palms and other trees.

AN OLD MAID'S MISTAKE.

"Where have you been?"
"To the pond, auntle?"
"The questioning voice was barah and old; the answering one sweet and young.
The aunt, grim, unlovely, wrinkled and shrunken as a withered leaf of autumn, sat among the soft pillows that lifted her time-wrecked form in an invalid chair.

The niscs, fresh and bright, with sunny touches on the brown of her hair, and a somewhat daring spirit shining from her dark eyes, stood near the fireplace, where ruddy light fisshed up and swept across her, and showed the silm, girlish figure clad in heavy cloth and

"What were you doing at the pond ?"
"Skating. The fee is splendld, and I was
practising for to-night. You know we are to
have a skating party on the pend to-night,

"And you are not going to it!"
"Not going! Why!"

"Because you are under my care and my control, and I forbid you to go!" cried Jane Bond, sharply.

"But I have promised—I shall be called for !"

began Neille Bond, pitcounly,
"Who is to call for you ?"

The bent figure of the old woman straightened suddenly, her shrunken hand was put out and laid on the girl's arm, while her flerce, untender eyes traced the fair young face, in which a slow

colour was fintering.

"You need not tell me. I know!" she cried,
with passionate anger in her sunken eyes and showing in the unsteadings of her

lips.
"I am lying here day after day helpless and erippled, and you would fain deceive me; but you cannot! I know who is playing at love with you, who is teaching you that love is sweet and outh is sweet, and truth and honesty only words
-idle words ! That fair young face of yours has brought you what fairness and youth brought me at your age; but your life shall not be wrecked by it as mine has been! I will save you though I have to use bolts and bars to keep you safe! One Bond is enough to be blighted by a Cartis, and the lying lips of the son shall not bind you to him heart and soul, as the false lips of the father bound me when I was a credulous young thing like you!"

She paused, panting.

She paused, panting.

Nellie had grown pale, but she could not remove her eyes from those burning ones below her; nor could she free her arms from the grasp of

move her eyes from those burning ones below her; ner could she free her arms from the grasp of those thin, fierce fingers.

"Speak!" orled her aunt. "I snot Leo Cartis trying to win your love?"

"Yes."—alowly and falteriogly. "He has said he loves me."

"And you balteve him! Tell me!"

"I believe him."

Jane Bond laughed—a quick, mirthless, mocking bitter laugh—and suddenly loosing her hold of her niece, pushed the slight figure from her.

"So," she orled, jeeringly, "I am too late! You love the son of Richard Cartis! You have given me me confidence; I owe you no consideration—you, you, whom I took into my house when you were a homeless child; you, to whom I have been kind for ten long years!"

"Never kind, Aunt Jane," spoks out Neilie, clearly. "You clothed and fed me, you allowed your roof to shelter me, but never in all those ten years have you even said one kind word to me!"

"Ingrate!" hissed the woman.

"Ingrate!" blesed the woman,
"Not that, Aunt Jane, for I am grateful to
you for what I have received,"

"Prove it! Prove your gratitude, then i"
eried the old woman, flercely. "Give up this
lover of yours; never see his face again."
Poor little Nellie! Where did she get the
strength to stand straight and fearless before the

oman whom she had always feared before ? An "I would rather die !" she said, below her

h

"Die As if it would be hard to die i" her aunt exclaimed, harshly. "To live requires courage—to live loveless, friendless, unable to put faith in one human being. But let me tell you why the name of Cartia is hateful to me. You never heard the story ?"

"I have heard is, but not from you |" an-

swored the giri, gently.

And she stood in an attitude of deep interest,
as, with the brief winter day dying, and the
shadows gliding to her chair, Jane Bond told her

"I loved Richard Cartis," ahe said, her voice pulsing with feeling. "I loved him with my whole heart. And he—he played at love. He never truly loved me, or he would not have made a few impatient words of mine unfficient excuse for breaking with me. I did not mean them— Heaven knows I did not! Bat they were spoken, and he made them his excuse.

spoken, and he made them his excuse. He left me standing in the sunlight out there."

She lifted one thin, resunlous hand, and pointed to where a vast sheet of white-covered lawn might be seen through the window.

"That was the love of a Cartis! He went away and forgot the girl he had won, and married come stranger; and I, through all the years that have gone by since, have remembered—remembered this, heart and soul, I grew sourced and water?"

and warped."
The girl went and knell beside the favalidchair, and drew one of the thin hands to her cheek. On that soft, fair check tears were

lying.

Aunt Jane, let me tell you what Leo told ma-let me tell you what his father's dying ilps told him," she said, brokenly. "You were no wrong—so wrong! Richard Cartis loved you all his life."

"It is false! He left me because of a few angry words. He was glad to be set free!"

angry words. He was glad to be set free!"
cried the woman, flercely.
"He loved you; but when you bade him go
—when you told him you could live without
him—that you were thred of him and his affiction
—he left you. Do you remember his partlog words to you, Aunt Jane? If you wanted to see his face again, you would recall him. You never did. He waited for five years, hoping. You sent neither word nor line. He then met a fair, aweet girl, whose heart went out to him without the asking, whose tender nature he knew could neverwound him, and whose leve was great enough to be centent with only kindness. He married her and she outlived him.

Aunt Jane, he has lain under the earth for seven years, and, dying, he gave the story of his leve for you to his son. That son has come to me, leve for you to his son. That son has come to me, loving me as his father loved you, and I—I will not make his life a sorrow, will not break my own

at the very root.

"Hear me out—be patientyes a moment. No human being should be allowed to sever loving hearts—no human power can pare Leo's and mine ! But, Auntie, you will not try to -you

"Hush!" cried Jane Bond, hoursely; "hush! Go—and leave ms! If I have wrecked my own whole life—wrecked it by my own fisces temper, my own unboly pride! Oh, heaven, above! Nollie saw her lift her; hands and cover her ghastly, working face.

Tuen, in the winter twilight, the girl arose and lait har there, to face remorse and regret as best she might in the very winter of her life. An hour later the following note was put into

her hands by a servant :-

"Child, do what you will with your life, with our love. When you return from akating, bring your love. When you Rishard's son to me.

And Nellie went with the skating party, and was happier than ever in her life before, although now and then, even as she sped like a swallow ever the tee, a plitful thought for the lonely, love-less woman she had left in the twilight was with her

"We will be nearer after to night," abe told harmly; "and when she has seen Lee, she will not wonder that I love him."

Returning in the starlighted cold of the night,

she led her lover to where that frall figure lay

back among the pillows.
"Aunt, I have brought Leo, as you bade me,"

ahe said softly.

No answer. She bent over the still face, looked a moment into it, and abrank toward her lover with a cry

Agnt Jane was dead ! The heart that one love had filled to overflowing, the life that a moment's hot temper had wrecked, were as though the world had never known them.

FLOWER OF FATE.

--:0:--

CHAPTER X'.

"I sidhacqmi at TI"

Vera's voice was faint, but firm.

"But, my dear Miss De Mortimer, consider I offer you practically an assured successful first appearance in Loudon. My thanker commands the attention of the critics. If it is a matter of three or four more pounds in the salary,

"It is not that," Vera broke in, quietly. "Your terms are most liberal. In every way I have cause to thank you, but I must decline your

offer."
Mr. Augustus Robinson, of the Thespia Theatre, London, rubbed his brow in great perturbation. Here was a gen as costly in its way as any that had come under his notice; and yer, marvelious to relate, the gen absolutely refused to some to the first jeweller's to be pollahed and set before taking the world by storm.

This girl's brauty, her lovely voice, her undeni-able telents, apart from that strange, ead fascina-tion she possessed, all formed a total which spelt a triumph for whichever theatrical manager was

tucky enough to procure her.
"Well," he said, at last, "I don't know what
to do; it's most awkward. I have come down here expressly to see you—expressly, Miss De Mortimer—and I confess I am disappointed at your decision."

"I did not know you were coming, otherwise I should not have permitted it if I could possibly have prevented it," Vera said, very quietly. "It is a long journey to take for nothing, and I am exceedingly sorry you had all the trouble

"Oh! I don's mind the trouble, nor the ex-sense," observed Mr. Robinson, touched by her ourtesy. "It is because I am so honestly pleased with your performance, Miss De Mortimer, that I am disappointed. Now, won's you reconsider vonr decision !"

Vara shook her head.
"What are your objections!" saked the

The girl was affent for a few minutes, then lifting her great, lustrous eyes to his she

"I could not spear at a theatre like the Taespis. I could not." Mr. Rabinson coloured, and cleared his

Mr. Robinson coloured, and cleared his throat.

Vers went on, slowly.

"I will be frank with you. I dislike this life. I am forced into it. I suppose I must continue with it until—welf, I don't know what could occur that would and it, but as I must continue I have made up my mind. I shall renounce operabouffe. I shall go into the higher grades of the stage. I can set. Although I hate the life, yet I know that. I am determined to study, to practice, and to appear in the future only in the legitimate parts. Now you understand."

"Perfectly; now let us to business. Whenever you are prepared to begin that line, Miss De Morthner, I'm your man. Send me aword. You shall study under my care. I will arrange about your appearance. Bless me, I have never taken so much trouble for a soul for pears; but something tells me it won's he trouble wasted. You have geniss, you have fire; you will succeed. I am only serry on one account that you renounce this engagement. I have got

a part that would suit your voice down to the

ground."
His tone was persuasive, but Vera was firm.
"I cannot do it, Mr. Robinson," she said.
"How! Cannot do what!" exclaimed her father's voice from the doorway.
Vera and the London manager were in the

verh and the London manager were in his small green-room. They had had their convernation ail to themselves up to this point. Vera stood silent, a quiet, slender figure in some quaint robe of grey, with her manes of raddy golden hair piled high on her head till they formed a

With Mr. De Murimer came in Lord Vivian.
"Cannot do what?" saked Mr. De Mortimer
again, his face darkening with angerata suspicion the truth

"Your daughter, my dear air, I regret to say,

"Your daughter, my dear sir, I regent to say, will not consent to seemly my offer."

"Not con—" Nathaniel swallowed the cath he was about to utter. "What the dence do you mean by such conduct, Vera ! Absurd! Mr. Robinson is conferring a great honour on you. Here are you, a child in the profession, and a supergrament at the Thomps. you. Here are you, a child in our wish the offer of an engagement at the in your hands, a thing any actress would evy you, and you—— On, come! Nonesme! Sign at once!"

"I cannot," Vera said, quietly.

Mr. De Mortimer's face was not pretty with a cowl on it. He moved forward and grasped Vers

by the arm.

"You must?" he growled, in a whisper.

"Confound it, you shall?"
The girl met his angry gars.

"I will not," she answered, soldly, and contemptuously drawing her arm away.

"You cursed prig?" snarled De Mortimer in her ear, "setting yourself up like a tragedy queen to say what is right and what is wrong. I tell you this, Vers, I have grown pretty sick of your airs and graces, and unless you are very careful I shall turn you off my hands altogether, and you can either starve or do worse for all I oars."

Father," the girl said, clearly and resolutely, "Fasher," the girl said, clearly and resolutely, "have I not obeyed you in everything! Have I not gone against the wish of my dear dead mother, and become an actress? You know I have. Then in this case I beg of you to listen to me. I cannot go the Thespia. You know, as all the profession knows, what a reputation the place bears. Mr. Robinson is kind—more than kind—but I cannot lose my self-respect by accepting the engagement."

the engagement,"
Lord Vivian came for-"Miss De Mortimer," Lord Vivian came for-ward hurriedly; he saw the dark, whicked look growing on De Mortimer's face, and his conscience represented him—"please do not think you are bound to take this offer. Mr. Robinson does not mean that, I know. It is entirely as you yourself like to do."

"Thank you, my lord. I am sorry to disappoint you and Mr. Robinson; but I must decline

point you and Mr. Robinson; but I must decline
the engagement."
Mr. Robinson took up his hat.
"Don't forget," he said, with a meaning look
at Vera. "If you want one send me a line, and
if by any possible chance you should alter your
aind, I am staying in Abbay Chester to night,
and could see you in the morning."
Do Mortimer followed the London manager
out of the room in silence.
He was white with rage. At that instant he
could have struck Vera willingly; but he restrained himself, only swearing he would be even
with her by-and-by.

strained himself, only swearing he would be even
with her by-and-by.
Vora eat down wearily, as her father went out.
She put her arm on the table and least her head
on her hand.
The Earl deev near to her.
"Will you forgive me, Miss De Mortimer!"
he pleaded, gently.
"What for, my lord!"
"For bringing Mr. Robinson down. I deserve
not to be forgiven. Will you believe me when
I say I forgot for the moment the class of theatre
the Thespia was, of the leathsome surroundings
you must have there! I only thought of it as
the one theatre where your voice would be heard
to its full advantage."

"Oh, how I long to leave it all I" he heard her

whisper.

His face flushed.

a Hu race number.

"Vera," he began to whisper, passionately, but
he gos no farther, for at that instant Maggle
Dalane and Wanty arrived.

"Gress who is here, Vera, "cried Maggle,

Vera looked up inquiringly, 6 Come in, sir," Maggie continued, going to the door.

the door.

In answer to her call, Tom Watson came forward, looking eager and handsome.

Vers welcomed him warmly.

"Amy would make me come," he said; "and here is a little note she has sent you."

Vera took it with a smile.
"I will read it by and by," she said.

"I will read it by and by," she said. She was cervous and wretched. The lovelight in Lord Vivian's eyes had come as a shock to her; and here was this other man who implored for the love it was not in her power to give.

"We are keeping you when you are so tired," observed the Earl, as he watched her sensitive face. "Watson, where have you come from !"

"Immediately from Size K-ith Moresons's place, the Gill. Damiey is there; he's sent a message to know if you were not going back for the ball!"

Lord Vivian's here a matter a Male though

Lord Vivian's brows met in a slight, though

decided frown.
"I cannot say. I have business that may detain ms. Of course, if I can possibly manage

detain ms. Of course, if I can possibly manage dt, I shall be there."

Maggie had bent sowards Vera.

"Vera," she whispered, "what's wrong with Nathaniel, he looks awfully black!"

"He is angry with me," Vera answered, her fingers closing nervously over Amy's letter. "I have refused Mr. Robinson's offer. I expect you which me wrong like the rest Maggie I respect you

think me wrong like the rest, Maggie !"
"No I don't," answered Miss Dalane, promptly. "I know what the 'Thespia' is Thespia like. I was there. It wouldn't suit you, dear; you are quite right."

"Always kind and thoughtful, Maggle,"

Tears were springing to Vera's eyes.
"Nonsense I New run and get off those gar-ments; you look dead thred."

ments; you look dead thred."

Vers rose. She held out her hand to the Earl.
"I thank you for your kindness, my lord; I am only sorry I could not repay to better."
"I am repaid a thousand times," whispered Cord Vivian, his wisdom almost carried away by the passionate surging of his heart, "by those kind words." words,"

"May I come and see you to-morrow morn-?" asked Tom Watson, as Vers put her hand

"Miss Delane is hostens, ask her," she an-

swered, with a worn smile.

"Oh, yes, come if you like!" Maggie cried, cheerily; "but not too early. I shall insist on cheerily; "but not too early. I shall ruster ou Vera taking a good rest to-morrow morning; ahe wants to hadly."

An to har dressing-room. Here

she wants it heally."

Vera passed on to her dressing-room. Here she dismissed the woman who had assisted her during the performance, and when alone the melt down and buried her face in her hands. "Oh, mother, mother i" was the cry of her heart, "Why did you leave me! why were you taken from me! If only you were here now to tell me how to act! I am growing weary—weary and frightened."

Vera was a heave stell ordinary recommends.

Vers was a brave girl, ordinary nervousness was not in her nature. Yet something in De Mortimer's black, scowling face, as she had het is to night in her steadfast refusal to stabult to his will, sent a cold shudder through her as she remembered it—a shudder of prognostication that trouble was in store for her.

The morning of the day that was to see Its unish in the grand masked ball at the Gill broke cald and chearless.

Lady Anice, however, was all sunshine and brilliancy. There was lots to do, she declared; as immense amount of work and thought still resting on those sleader, pretty shoulders.

Sir Keith was at once amused and enthralled by her habylsh ways, and consilicated himself her head attendant during the day.

R x Darnley went out shooting with Lord Danmoer in the morning, but somehow his spirits matched the morning—he was dull and

Lord Vivian had not returned yet; it was his absence that brought that gloom to Rex's face. Wast business was there to detain the Euri in Abbey Chester! None. Then why did he re-main! Was he bent on fooling Vers. winning main! Was he bent on fooling Vera, winning her love as he might well do by his frank, handsome presence, winning her young heart to greater sorrow even than it knew now? Rex clenched his hands as he stood alone on

the moor and watched Lord Danmoor go strid-

ing off with the keeper.

It was not in Eric Lord Vivian to deceive and betray came the next quick thought; and yet what could come of such conduct? Vera could never be his wife; his family name and pride called out against this.

The girl was beautiful, gentle, fair, wish that nameless something that bepoke a lady; but she was akin with pitch. Her surroundings were of the lowest. She must wed one of her own order.

Rex stood motionless as this thought came,

It forced Itself Into words.

One of her own order i Good Heavens No. what am I saying ! She is too great, too precious a rearl even for my hands to touch. Oh, Yera, pearl even for my hands to touch. Oh, Vera, my darling I the only woman I shall ever love! Yes Is is confessed—love! My only love yet Yes to be confessedlost to me for ever !"

The Image of Tom Watson rose to his mind unconsciously. He shook his head.

"You have chosen badly, my sweet one," he marmured. "This boy will love you now—yes, you are the very ann of his life—but he is weak! He will not prize you at your worth—temp'ation will come again—your power will have gone-your future will be misery !"

Lard Dunmoor shouting to him from a distance woke him from his gloomy reflections, and pushing them from him he strode to meet his friend,

Towards evening, as an air of approaching festivity hungover the Gill, the Earlarrived. Lady Aules, grown a trifle weary of Sir Kelsh, even when so great a stake hung as yet in the balance, could not resist an airy firetation with the hand-

some Lord Vivian.

"At last—you are come at last?" she cried, dancing down the large hall to meet him, looking dancing down the large mail to most time, totaling a verifindle fairy in some skilfully-designed, careless-looking costume of warm red slik, with an open paletôr of red plusb, decked at the neck and sleeves with rare cobwebby late. 4 Truant that you are, where have you been t"

The Earl smiled his admiration as he took her

"Am I so honoured—did you really miss me t" he asked, lightly. "Had I but guessed I would have flown here instead of burying my wits in my tedious accounts all alone in solitary descrited Beaconswold."

"Is that the truth ?" fi sehed a quick thought into Rex Darnley's mind; the next instant he was vexed beyond measure at his doubt.

Lord Vivian clasped his hand warmly. "Well, now you are here I can find you work," cried Lady Antee. "Rex is a boor, He ac nally refuses to do anything for me. Can you believe

flardly," returned the Earl, with a laugh

"You have so many cavallers, Anice, I should be in the way," Damley observed drily. Sir Keith watched the dainty form of his heart's queen fitting about with the Earl with a grave, psined expression on his face, and a strange pang in his breast. Rex knew the meaning of his host's gravity

"Ah I if this would only warn you I" ha mused, to himself. "You are too genuize, too good, too golden for that airy butterfly, whose brilliancy is, after all, but tineel and dross !"

Out aloud he said causily,—
"Do you expect a large party to-night More-

The young Baronet woke hastly from his thoughts. "All the county," he answered, with some-

what of a forced laugh. "Druce knows so many people, and we have been literally beset for invitations. I hope it will be a success."
"I am sure of it," Rex said, warmly. "You

have made such magnificent preparation It was Lady Anice who designed and thought

"Indeed! Well, Anke knows something

"Indeed! Well, Ames and a shout these sort of entertainments."
"Taking my name in vain," langked that fair
"Adding up to them, "Sir Keith, do come lady, finating up to them. "Sir Keith, do come with me. They are building up that embankment of flowers we designed together last night, and your suggestions are needed."

As sunshine on a cloudy day so shone the delight and gratification now on Sir Ketth More-

toun's handsome face.

R. x stood and watched them go away tegether. the man bending his head with lover-like devotion to the pretty, babylsh countenance uplifted to meet ble

The evening hours passed on. Dinner was pur taken of, not in the orninary cremonious way, but in a hurried fashion, and then, when all the lights were arranged, everyone retired to their room to attire for the ball.

Lady Aulce, secure in her brother's help, had seaxed the great Pacislan diseamaker into sending her a gown positively unique in its beauty and magnificence. She wore flushing robes of source gauze over a pettloost of thickly woven allver thread embroidery. Her ting feet were shod in

shoes to match, on which glittered diamond stars, some of the sole remaining heirlooms of her mother's jewel-box. Her hair was verifiably powdered with small glittering pins and stars of the same precious stones, and as she stood gearng with a delighted smile at her image she looked, indeed, as her maid declared, "an angel of lovali-

It seemed almost a pity to hide all the radiance,

but it was only for a time, and after all there would be great fun in guessing at the masked So she was enveloped in a large trailing people. black silk domino, which completely hid her saure robes; and drawing the hood over her glistering head, and fixing the mask over her dainty features, she stood disguised in all save her

amali feet.

The military bands summoned from London were already giving forth their voluptuous strains as she flitted down the stairs.

At the entrance to the ball-room she found herself in a crowd of masked guests, and one iall form, shrouded in its domino, bent and whispered

"Beautiful lady, be worthy of your atthre-for once forget yourself. Beak no hearts this

"Who are-" began Lady Anice, but the figure had vanished. She felt annived. "It was R x of course," was her next thought. " Noone but Reg dare speak like that to me. Now for Sir Kaith."

The scene was a strange ope-the myrlads of lights, the scent of the flowers, the sounds of the music, and that ever-moving throng of blackrobed figures, with their faces concealed. now and then could a glimpse be caught of a colour to break the monotopy of the sembre dominous, when skirts awinging round disclosed daintily shed feet or delicately hued garments.

daintily shed feet or delicately had garmenja.

R:x did not dance. His beart was heavy, bit shoughts with V-ra. Try as he would—and R:x Darnley was not a weak man—he could not push this girl from his memory. He was standing at one time a little apart musing, when he was conscious of two men coming behind him. He knew their voices—they were Lord Vivian and Tom Watson. He could not but overbear their

"Oh! I recognised you at once," Tom was say-

ing, lightly; the disgute is very thin, after all,"
"And I was distering myself no one know
me, langued the Earl. There was a moment's e, laughed the Earl. There was a mo lance, then he said hurriedly,— "Have you just come from loctor?"

Chaster 1

"About two hours sgo," replied Tom.
"And how were our friends:"
"Miss Delaney and Mr. Motte seemed absurdly



MR. DE MORTINER ENTERED FOLLOWED BY LORD VIVIAN.

happy. Vera was strangely quiet. Do you know I cannot rid my mind of the thought, Lord Vivian, that Vera is afraid of her father;

"Afraid!" repeated the Earl quickly, while Rex cleached his hand.
"Yes. I did not like the look of his face last

night. He has not forgiven Vers for refusing this offer from London that you got her. He seemed to be half drunk and to be murmuring shreats against her. She wants a prote sadly."

"I had no idea that De Mortimer was that sort of man!" exclaimed the Earl, in tones of genuine distress and vexation. "I am terribly vexed I ever brought that manager from town, but De Mortimer declared she was longing for a chance, and that was why I did it."

chance, and that was why I did it."

"I shall go back to the company again tomorrow," declared Tom, "for I confess that
he looked dangerous, and Vera ought to have
someone near. She—ahn saved my life. More,
she gave me back everything that makes life
bearable, and I shall henceforth dedicate my whole
being to her service."

The Earl sighed, seemed as if he would speak
abruptly, and then said nothing. Tom's voice
had been full of emotion as he uttered the last
words; and as the two men passed on Rex Darnley

words; and as the two men passed on Rex Darnley etnod pinnged in a mass of bitter reflection, foremost of which stood the fact that Vers was farther away if possible than ever; that Tom Watson loved her, and that happiness was in store for them both.

Meanwhile, Lady Anice had been in the height of bliss; she had flitted hither and thither, fellowed by a score of admirers, and wherever she had gone, she had seen Sir Keith's tall form, which, though carefully hidden, she had recogfaed easily.

At suppor time all were to unmask, and a few minutes before Iady Anice sauntered with her partner into the conservatory for rest and coolsess. It was a man she cared nothing about,

and her heart jumped with delight as she saw the tall form of her host follow her.

the tall form of her host follow her.

"It is coming at last," she said to herself. She forthwith invented some excuse and sent her partner off on a wild-goose errand to find her fan having the said commodity hidden in the folds of her domino all the while; then sank into an apparent reverie as Sir Keith approached. As he dropped into the fantenli beside her she uttered a slight exclamation.

"Have I frightened you!" asked Sir Keith, tendesly.

"Frightened me! no, but"—demanded the coquette, archly—"how do you know who I am!"

am?"

"Know who you are," repeated Sir Keith, passionately; "what could blind my eyes when you are present, Anice? Do you think this filmsy wrap could disguise your loveliness?"

"You must not flatter me," cried Lady Anice, pleased at this wooling; it was at once new and delightful.

delightful.

"Flatter you? It is not flattery, Anice, it is love. Oh, listen to me, my darling; I cannot live without you. Give me hope, give me but one word of hope; it will be enough for the present. I am not presumptenue; I know your worth—that you are a queen, and all men adore you. I am at my proper place, your feet. Give

The mask was flung aside. Sir Kelah lifted his handsome, noble face, flushed with the passion

Lady Anios removed the black lace from her seatures. She looked down at him gently.
"I will give you no word, no hope, until you lee, Your proper place is not at my feet."
She stopped, and rose as Sir Keith sprang up

"No, it is here—it is at my heart?"
The acting was superb. Lady Anice looked a truly angelic woman as she uttered these words in a heave, yet tenderly low voice.
Fiesh and blood could not with stand her. Sir

Keith caught her in his arms, and imprisoned her in a hold like the grip of fron bonds.

"My own! my darling! my wife!" he cried madly, pouring kisses on the fair, flower face.

"Oh! Anice, you don't know what this means to me. I have been termembed by doubts, yet driven wild by your nobility, your beauty. I can scarcely believe it is real. I must be dreaming." He half staggered back, but Lady Anice only smiled. She threw off her domine, and stood before him in all her radiance.

"Keith," she murmured, softly, "my darling, it is no dream. See, I am here—real; your own Anice. Kiss ma."

She lifted her smiling, parted month as she finished, and with a passionate flood of words Sir Keith drew her once more to his arms, and kissed her again and again.

"It is too good to be true," he whispered after awhile, as they stood silent—he lost in his dream of bliss, she in her ambitious calculations for the future.

A goog sounding aroused them.

Lady Anice drow herself away with an exclamation,—
"Sopper," she evied, "and we all unmask?
We are not there, Keith!"
"No, but we will go," he answered proudly.
"Come!"
He threw away his domino, and stretched out his hand; then they walked out of the conservatory into the hallroom, the guests parting to let them pass.

Lady Anice.

vatory into the ballroom, the guests parting to let them pass.

Lady Anloe was overwhelmed with her success and her triumph. She knew she looked beautiful; she knew the hearts of many there were heavy with envy; she felt, indeed, she was a queen this night, and that all bowed before her. The news was whispered scon, but it needed only a glance et Sir Keith's happy face as he bent before the dainty, lovely lady to know the truth of his heart and the verification of the statement that Lady Anloe Druce had promised to become his wife!

(To be continued.)



16 CAN TOU TELL ME WHERE TO FIND HELEN CHARTERIS!" SAID SIR GUY,

VERNON'S DESTINY.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Ein Guy Vermon looked helplessly at Mrs. Pink until she finished her marrative. He thought his quest almost ended; he belisved nothing could have been so rapid and certain as his success. But when the good woman came to that abrupt stop, his bright visions of restoring Magdalen to her inheritance sustained a sudden shock.

The story was so full and satisfactory—no link in the chain of evidence which connected Mrs. Pink's lodger with his long-lost conein was missing—and now the clue at one bound vanished.

"Surely you have heard again?" he said, almost testilly. "A woman like my consin would not be ungrateful enough to forget such kindness as you have shown her?"

"She hear't forgotten it, air," returned Mrs. Pink, with a sublime faith in Magdalen's gratitude, which, even in the midst of his perplexities, struck Guy with a west admiration. "No, my pretty lady would never forget Peltonstreet and all she saffered here. If she's alive, and she ever comes back to England, I'm just as certain she'll come to see me as I am that you are standing here, str."

Guy could not gainsay Mrs. Pink's conviction, but he did suggest twenty years was a long interval of allence.
"Aye, but you see, str, the foreign poets are

interval of allence.

"Aye, but you see, sir, the foreign posts are not to be trusted. Mrs. Olifford—I never can bring myssif to call her anything else—may have written to me, and getting no answer, have given it up as a bad job. Besides, sir, she was never one of the strongest, and she'd gone through anough to kill Golfath himself; she may have died just as she got to that outlandish place. There's many a one, you know, weathers the storm bravely, and yet sinks as soon as they get into fair water."

It was quite true.

Guy thought Mrs. Pink a wonderfully shrewd woman; but though he could not deny the force of her remarks they were of no assistance to

woman; but shough he could not deny the force of her remarks they were of no assistance to him.

"And you are sure you never heard the name—her husband's name, I mean?"
"Certain, sir; it seemed to me the gentleman must be in no mind to tell it. I know I saked his pardon for speaking of her as Mrs. Clifford, and he just smiled and said,—

"I don't care by what name you remember her, so that I know she is my wife'" He had a pleasant way with him, but a trifle haughty. I told my husband afterwards, and we agreed he must be a doctor."

"But why i" asked Sir Guy, who had arrived at a very different conclusion.

"Because he had such a way of ordering folks about—not disagreeably, sir, but just as though he'd always been used to be obeyed. And then the care he took of his lady's health, not even bringing her to see me lest it should be too much for her, and carrying her off all those miles and miles just that she might get stronger!"

"Did he come in winter or aunmer, Mrs. Pink!"

"Winter, sir, because I falt so sorry these was no first baddes. he was full of the warm when

"Winter, vir, because I falt so sorry these was no fire; besides, he was full of the warm place he was taking her to."

he was taking her to."

"And he gave you no hint where it was ?"

"A long journey, I reckon. I know he talked of the voyage; but bless me, sir, I'm forgetting I've got Mrs. C.ifford's picture, and surely that must help you to find her !"

Gay's heart ached when he looked at her likeness; it was so unlike the bright smiling face head once seen in a portrait at Vernon Grange. This was a lovely woman with a worn, patient face, and a look of undying sadness in the dark blue eyes. As he gave it reverently back to Mrs. Pink he wondered where he had seen those eyes before! He was quite sure he had met with a face like Mrs. Clifford's, only not quite so sad.

"She looks ill there!" he observed, quietly.
"I think you must be right, Mrs. Pink, and my cousin have gone to a fairer inheritance than the one I hold in trust for her."

one i nold in trust for her."
"Then it 'il be all yours, sir."
"Not if she left children."
"They expected one," said Mrs. Pink, confidingly; "I'm sure of that, or why did the gentleman promise if it was a girl he'd call it after me! after me !

"What is your name, Mrs. Pink !" If only it turned out to be Hepzibah or Athaliah, or anything equally uncommon, he would have a faint cine to the hoiress, after all. But, also i Mrs. Pink dissipated this fleeting hope at once.

"Well, sir, some folks spell it with an 'h,'
and some without. I don't know rightly that it
matters. I signed my name when I was married
as Eller, but my poor husband, who was strong
in the h's mostly, called me Hellen. I don't know
that it mattered much."

Gas took leave of the highly

Gay took leave of the kindly woman and went back to his apartments in Cecil-atrees. Taen he reviewed the few lawyers known to him by name, and wondered to whom he had best apply. name, and wondered to whom he had best apply. The firm with whom he was best acquainted, Clieghorn and Harris, of the Inner Temple, he shrank from, because he knew they had been guardians to Reien Charteris, and in his heart he accused them of neglecting their trust. In truth, the lawyers were innocent of all blame. Colonel Charteris had made his will with a fatal flaw in it, which prevented his daughter being successfully guarded from fortune-hunters. Virtually, the doting father had left his child an easy prey to the first adventurer who crossed her path.

These gentlemen dismissed from his mind,

her path.

These gentlemen dismissed from his mind,
Gay thought of Mr. Ashwin. He knew from
Nell Charteris that he was honest to the core,
and had managed the Charteris proparty for
years. To him Sir Guy repaired, and stated his
case briefly. He wished to find his cousin,
Magdalen Clifford, who some twenty years or

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more had married a gentleman, name unknown, and accompanied him abroad.

Mr. Ashwin threw up his hands,

"My dear sir, we must have more than that to go upon, if we are to succeed."

"I can apply to someone else if you refuse to undertake the search," said Sir Gay haughtily, "I am willing to spend the whole of my fortune and the best years of my life in the attempt, but I will not return to Vernon Grange until I have solved the doubts which torture me.

Softly, Sir Gay. Far from refusing undertake the business, I shall be delighted to my elfeuts ; but I am an honest mar, and I must warn you the search may last ten years, cost thousands, and in the end be fruitless."

I am willing to risk that. "And you don't mind publicity ?"

" Not in the least,"

"Taen to-morrow I shall insert an advertisement in all the leading papers, offering a reward for the certificate of marriage of Magdalen Odiford and some person, name unknown, be-tween two dates which you will specify. I shall append a notice to the said Magdalen Clifford, or her heirs, that they will hear of something

greatly to their advantage by applying to me."
Gay looked at him in profound admiration.
"How simple it seems! I should never have

"Not so simple as it sounds. I grant if your kinswoman had married a poor man the case

would be much easier." "I am certain she did not. People of the landiady class can always tell a gentleman when they see one; and Mrs. Pink asserts positively my cousin's husband looked like a king. Besides his caring to find her out, and his generous behaviour altogether strengthen the opinion."

Mr. Ashwin laughed.

Mr. Annum laugued.

"Just so. That's where the difficulty lies. A near man would be quick to selze on anything to his advantage; a gentleman of good family assured fortune would never answer any advertisement, lest it should rake up circumstances in his wife's past that he desired forgotten."

Well, you will do your best !

"I will spare no pains, I assure you; ew stories have interested me more. I never saw anyone so anxious to give up a fine property. It is a pity for Mrs. Clifford that the estate is un-entailed. She might have met a less generous

rival than yourself."

Gay flushed. His parents had not shown much generosity to Magdalen.

"I used to prefer the strict law of entail," continued the lawyer, "but I confess, after the recent changes in the Charteris family, I think in some cases it is a cruel fojustica."
"Yes, Nell Charteris would make a noble heir
to the grand old place i"

"Aye, and it has gone to a man not fit to clean his shoes; for though, of course, Mrs. Denzil is the nominal owner, whatever is here is

her husband's."

Sir Guy forgot he had no interest in the girl who had once been Nell Charteria. She was no doubt a worthy pupil of Isola Merton, and walking in her footsteps; but for a moment all this faded from his mind, and he remembered her only as the girl he had found that winter's night River-lane, weeping as though her heart would break.

"Have you seen Mrs. Dentil!"
"Once; I have no wish to repeat the visit."
"What did you think of her!"

"Before we saw her—I mean by we her rela-tives and myself—we had pitled her profoundly for being tied for life to Reginald Denzil. It dawned on as after ten minutes of her society we might have kept our pity to ourselves. She appeared serenely self-satisfied; she spoke of her

appeared serency self-eathward; she spoke of her busband with complacent pride, and, if you will believe it, treated her uncle, and his son very much like poor relations."

"She could not!"

"She did, I assure you. She apoke of Charteris Hall, and remarked she expected Lady Charteris and her consins would feel the house being shut up a great lear. I can't tell you how

she did it, but in a few words she made Neil and his father feel how wide a gulf lay between her fortunes and their own."

Sir Gay had started up with disbellef on every feature of his face.

feature of his face.

*Do you mean it? Well, then, evil influence has done its work even quicker than I imagined.
Last January I met Miss Charteris, and abe was the sweetest, most unassuming girl I ever saw. Instead of the heiress of great wealth (and without counting her recent inheritance her fortune was five thousand a year) you would have taken her for some little shy girl just out of the schoolroom !

"Parhaps you only saw her for a few

"I saw her about three times in all, but I knew her better than if we had met at every gathering in a London season t"

Mr. Ashwin started. Sir Goy's earnestness impressed him in spite of bimself. The baronet was not a boy, or one likely easily to be imposed

man most upon.

"I thought I knew women well, Sir Goy. I have studied the sex pretty thoroughly. I thought Mrs. Dennil a designing minx—saking your pardon for the plain speaking. She seemed to think of the plain speaking.

"And three days or so before her marriage I found her in a lonely lane, crying as though her heart would break. I took her home to Lady Decima, for it was far too late to think of her returning to Merten Park. My mosther was delighted with her, and tried to discover the cause of her grief. It was that someone had spoken slightingly of her mother. A girl who would weep her heart out for a size on her dead mother's fame is hardly the creature you mother's

To his amazement the lawyer faced round sud-denly in his chair, brought his fist down on the table with a bang, and exclaimed, with an utter

diregard for legal phraseology,—

"By George! I begin to believe the boy was right. I snapped his nose off pretty sharply at the time, but his suggestion has come back to me sgain and again since in spice of myself, and

now your words seem confirmation of it! "
"You are talking Greek to me, Mr. Ashwin!"
The little lawyer had jumped up and bolted
the door before Guy got out this complaint.
"Are you in a hurry, my dear air! No!
Then can you give me a few minutes on business,

quite different to what you came to consult me

about."
"My time is entirely at your disposal. But you are talking in riddles!"
"I will explain them. I believe you have a regard for the Charteris family!"
"Nell was my chum at college. I probably owe my life to his sister's nursing."
"Ah! Well, if you will promise secrecy you may be of great me to them."

may be of great use to them.

14 Your promise first. Give me your word this conversation shall go no further—specially that it shall be kept from all the Charteris family !"

"You are aware, probably, that Captain Decail and Helen Charteris were married without any witnesses except the verger and the pawor and a half-cracked female relation of the

groom t"

"No. I had not heard any particulars."

"My client, Dr. Charteris—the present peermade it his business to seek out his nices. He called about six weeks after the marriage at Captain Dansil's town address, and asked to see the bride; he was refused without even common courtesy. He then drove to the solicitors who had been her guardians and found that they knew nothing of her whereabouts. Within a few hours of her marriage she had been at their office and given her husband a power of attorney to sac for her. Nothing more was heard of Mrs. Dunell until it became absolutely necessary for her to sign papers regarding the Charteris estate—the power of attorney given to the Captain only referred to her private property. She wrote, after a long, delay, begging her until to visit her in Devonshire."

"The whole conduct is utterly unlike her," said

Goy, hastly. "Nell Canteris would be the last creature in the world to make other people wait upon her convenience!"

"I am coming to that. You are aware, I suppose. Lwd Charteris first held the belief his niece had been cajoied into the mar.

riage." No."

"It was shared in a measure by the gentlemen who had been her guardians. Both Mr. Cleghorn and his partner assured Lord Charteris they have never seen such a miserable looking bride. Up to our going to Devonshire we all pitied Mrs. Denzil, After the interview our feelings changed. But Neil, who was years younger than myself—and I expect more romantic—suggested the mysterious notion that the lady presented to meas Mrs. Denzil had no right to bear the name, but was aimply put forward by Denzil as his wife because he was afraid to awake suspicion by refusing to allow an interview between his wife and her relations. Neil's theory was that Helen Denzil, disgusted with the man's real character, had left him, and the woman we saw in her name was a big frand." "It was shared in a measure by the gentlemen Gay looked dumbstrue

Guy looked dumbatruck.

"But surely you would have detected by "
"We had none of as seen her! Myzelf, I will
contest frankly, I was ontirely deceived. I rated
Neil soundly for fabricating such an idea, and I
honestly believe he and his father have quite forgotten the anggestion; but a lawyer broads over
things. Sic Goy, and once or twice lately I have
had unpleasant double. Why should we have
been able to see the lady in Devonabler and not
of in london, unless hereassumed busband had to
dread her being recognised and his fraud revealed I. Why should a girl who was represented
on all hands as gentle, rafined, and sensitive,
have suddenly charged her whole character? I
called on Mr. Cleghorn, and he declared he was called cu Mr. Cleghorn, and he declared he was perfectly satisfied. The lady brought to him was his ward; he would have known her anywhere, he said, from her likeness to her mother. This rather restored my faith in the Devoushire lady rather restored my faith in the Devonshire lady being Mrs. Dens'll, but it has dawned on me since, that Dens'll may have taken his wife to the Temple, and yet have been forsaken by her soon afterwards. I shall never speak of this to the Charterls family until I am positive; but if you ask me what I believe about the woman presented to me as Mrs. Denzill, I tell you she is a big sham i She's a tremendous fraud i "Guy atarted.
"I think so too," "We mustn't be too fast. Just collect your thoughts, Sir Guy, and give me a fall description of the young lady presented to you as Mis Charteris. I flatter myself I can tell at once whether the account applies to the person I saw in

whether the account applies to the person I saw in Devonablre !" Guy, however, waited almost five minutes

before he answered. Truth to asy, he remem-bered Nell's face so well that it was almost pain to we to describe it to this prosale matter of fact

"She was nearly twenty, you know; but to my mind she looked younger, and yet her fac-was sad. It seemed to me the first time I ever saw her that the shedow of common trouble was atamped upon it. Her features were faultlessly regular, and had on them the stamp of arlato-cratic birsh. You might have dressed her in rage; you might have sent her to beg in the streets; but she would have looked a lady still. rage; you might have sent her to beg in the streets; but she would have looked a lady still. Her hair was brown—I can't tall you its color. Sometimes it looked quite dark; but in the frelight or out of doors with the ann shining on it, it looked like nothing but threads of gold. Her eyes were blue—dark blue—and they seemed too big for her face, which was long and thin; ber eye brows and lashes were blue, or nearly so. Anyway, they looked black against her akin which was of the purest creamlest white. If she was excited or pleased she had a pretty plak colour, but it came and went. It faded and desponed with any feeling that moved her; the finsh was rose enough to taggest finded and despensed with any feeling that moved her; the flash was rose enough to suggest painting, but no rouged cheeks ever yet raised their that as here did under every passing "Enough!" growled the lawyer. "You haven't told me whether she is tall or short, thin or plamp—but I undershard. Now listen to me. Pancy a little figure so small and dainty as to suggest visions of wax dolls; a face with very pretty pink colouring which varies no more than that of a china shepherdess, the palest flaxen hair and china blue eyes, a creature who in size might be eventeen—who at first sight you call a child, and later on feel is a thorough woman of the world

"Don't!" interrupted Sir Guy, almost hoarsely. That description can apply only to one person. I know whom you met in Devenshire as well as though I had assisted at the interview."

45 Who " Isola Marton !"

"Whengh! Merton was guardian to Miss Charterle, wasn't he? And didn't report say his wile had been engaged to Derzil before her marriage?"

Yes to both questions." " What does it mean !

"It means that Helen Charteris-I can's give the manus that Helen Charteris—I can's give ber that scoundrel's name—has leithin protection of the man the law calls her husband, and is a lonely wanderer on the face of the earth. It mans that Righald Devell, to avoid losing one of the good things his marriage brought him, is openly presenting his old love as his wife."

"But the Major!"

"He is abroad. You say 'Mrs. Ders'l' had been in Davonshire a week when you saw her? She probably decamped as soon as you were safe ont of the way. If Mrs. Merton chose to desert her bijon villa in Meyfair for a fortnight no one would any right to make remarks?"
I don't like it !"

"More do I."

"I call it a cruel imposture. Why, Lord Charteris may at this very moment be the true owner of Charteris Hall!"

"I wasn's thinking of that!" said Gay Vernen binutly. "Picture to yourself that poor childing yars abe is little more—alone in the world; friendless, a fugitive from everything good and pleasant! It is enough to make one's heart ache."

"So it is," agreed Mr. Ashwin; "but whatever we do we can's call on Mr. Denzil to produce

ever we do we can't call on Mr. Denzil to produce

I think we can !"

Guy sighed; the problem was worse than he

" If we called on him, and asked to see Mrs. Densil, he would invest some plausible excurse for her absence. Depend upon it all we can do it to est a watch on his actions, and the moment we find bim again paiming a take wife off on society pounce down on him and expose the fraud! That's our course

"But how will that help her ?"

The lawyer shock his head.
"I can't say. But you need not trouble about
us, Sir Gay. I make no doubt abe is safe with

her friende.

at friends had she ! The Martons we supposed to be ber protectors. Well, the husband is coming the werld, and the wife well, Heaven help the poor child by calling her to itself rather than let ber trust to the cruel mercies of Isola

Marton,"

"She was nineteen turned when she went to Monmouthshire. Surely she must have had friends before ever she know the Mortens."

"She was at school—a very small, select establishment, I farcy; but there must be hundreds such near London."

"Cleghorn could help you there. Since he drew all the cheques for her expenses he must know where Miss Charteris was educated."

"Shall I go and see him?"

"I wish you would; he will prove more com-

"Shall I go and see him?"

"I wish you would; he will prove more communicative to you than to a brother lawyer; basides, he and I never got on."

Whose Gay mee Mr. Clephorn be thought he hoes why. The two lawyers might be equally honest and painstaking, but one interested himself in every case as shough it was his own; the other did his duty by his client, and that was all.

As he talked to Mr. Clephorn Gay wished he had entrusted him with the search for Magdalen;

but wishes would not repair the error now; he must give Mr. Ashwin a fair chance.

"I will give you Mrs. Hamilton's address with pleasure," said Mr. Cieghorn, gravely; "but I advise you to go to quite a different person, Mrs. Hamilton was so intensely happy in her own married life she would have no sympathy with a wife separated on any pretext from her hashad. If my sometime ward is in trouble and needed help I believe she wend seek it from her favourite school-friend, Lady Lillian Forcester, only daughter of the Earl of Dashleigh."

favourite school-friend, Lady Lillian Forcester, only daughter of the Earl of Dashleigh."
The Earl and I are old triends. I have no doubt he will allow me to see his daughter! "
Indeed, Sir Guy had an invitation in his pocket for a dance at Lady Dashleigh's, and there was little doubt his daughter, the newly-presented Lady Lillian would be present.

Guy resolved to go early and atrive to obtain the pretty départante as his partner for a dance. The handsome barones was not one to be re-fused. Lady, Lillian took his arm as the band

struck up the strains of a walls.

"Will you honour me by sitting the dance out in my company, Lady Lillian? I have something of vital importance to ask you."
She yielded at once, selned with curiosity.

Gay found two seats in a cosy ante-room, and came straight to his question.

"Can you tell me where to find your old school-fellow, Helen Charteris?"

Lady Lillian grew white as her own dress. He could see her bosom heave beneath its coreage

"Sir Guy, what do you know of her, Tell me-none in the world can love Nell better than

You know-she married !"

"You know—she married!"
"Yes, mother read in the papers and said he
was wicked, and I must forget Nell, for I could
never know his wife. But, Sir Gay," and Lady
Lillian smiled, "I couldn't forget Nell; I never
even tried, and I felt so sorry for her I seemed
to feel the omen had begun to work."
"The owner had begun to work."

The omen ! "It was the last night of our school life," said Lil, simply, "and we were telling fortunes."
"I hope yours was a right-one!"
Lit blushed.

It was; but Nell drew the white hyscinth, and that means—" Guy interrupted her.

"Singular | The only flower I ever gave her was a white hyacinth, and I remember she shud-dered as she took it from me."

dered as she took it from me."

"The white hyacinth meant marriage, certain misery, and perhaps death," asid Lil, in her awastruck voice. "We were all terribly frightened, but I might have forgotten it only Nell sold me a dream she had of being in awful danger, and someone trying to save her with a rope of white hyacinths."

"Have you beard nothing of her since you

parted?"
"Oh, yes! She used to write to me regularly till the time of her marriage."
"And afterwards?"

"And afterwards?"

The pretty child hesitated.

"Lady Lillan, I implore- you to be frank with
me! I am her friend. If you can throw the
slightest ray of light upon her fate I beseech you
do not withhold it."

"I told mother, and she said it was non-

" Tell me

"Tell me."

"It was the beginning of March when we first came to London; I was walking with my father, and we passed a corner where a girl stood selling flowers. Paps was going to buy some for me, but they had only white hyaduths, and I could not bear them. However, he bought them, and carried them in his hand. As we walked on I heard a sigh. I seemed to feel that someone mear me shivered, and looked up, and there stood Neil. Father declares no one passed, and that I dreamed it; but Sir Guy, indeed, indeed ahe stood there. She was just the same, only paler and shilling and she but I know it was Neil. She was looking at the hysolaths, and the sight of them made her shive. I rauhed to her, I asked her by both arms, but—there was nothing there, nothing at all. My

arms were round a street lamp-post, and papa was scolding me for my peculiar conduct as he never scolded me before in all his life."

A long silence.

You mean that she had disappeared ?" Lil passed her little hand across her brow.

"I don't know what I mean. I saw her, I am quite sure of that. I heard her sigh, I felt ahlver, and yet when I stretched out my hands towards her there was no one, positively no ORA.

" And the Earl was angry ?"

"Awfully. When he got me home he said I stood stock still, and seemed to stare lote the sky till I suddenly threw my arms round the lamp-post. Father says I acted like a lunatic."

"And you were convinced ?

She shook her head. "I never speak of it now; it is three months sgr, but I still believe I saw her."
"What does your mother say?"

"Mother says I dreamed it; but my brother Forzester, who always pets me, says it could be explained easily on scientific grounds."

How !

"How!"
"I'm so silly. I can't make it clear, I'm afraid, but Forrester says it Nell were in very great trouble, and thinking a great deal about me, it would be quite possible for me to see her, though she was invisible to all eyes but ruine, and vanished when I tried to touch her. Forrester says Nell must have been wanting me very badly, and it was some strange supernatural communication between her spirit and mine.

"And your own opinion, Lady Lillian t"
"I don't know. Forrester may be right, but
it is such a strange, unnatural theory it makes me
tremble. I'd rather believe myesit it was really
Nell, and she ran away to avoid me. Still, what I dielike most is papa's trying to make me believe I never saw her at all !"

"Had you been thinking much of her before

this happened ?"
"No," Lill blushed. "I am ashamed to say
"No," Lill blushed. "I am ashamed to say my mind was fall of my court dress, I don't suppose I had thought of Nell for a week before that morning."

"It is very strange !"

"And there is a stranger part still, and I am afraid to tell it you,"

You need not be,"

"You will think me so foolish, and mother says is is bad form to entertain strangers with h experiences," "Couldn't you think me a friend, Lady Lillian,

and trust me as one?"
"Well, then, I have seen her since."

" Nell

"Yes, it was in a dream. I thought I was in a lonely place and she was walking by the river-side. She looked just as she did the morning I mes her with paps, only thinner and paler. She seemed to be looking at the water as though she could not tear herself away from it, and on the bank grew wild, great custors of white hyacinthe, the very kind we grow in the conservatory in winter. She was trying to gasher them, and as she touched them they faded awsy."

Guy felt troubled. " And that Is all !"

" Not quite. She was bending over the flowers, when a man came up and spoke to her. He seemed to beg her to go with him—he spoke in a low persuasive tone—but Nell just pointed to the water, and said,—
"It is cold and dark, but I prefer its embrace

to yours. Leave me, or I seek a home amid the waters of the Thames."
"Did you tell your parents?"
"I gold Forrester."

"And did he explain it by ectentific means?"
"He made me describe the man I saw talking to Nell, and he says it is an exact word picture of

Lady Lillian, you must have shought a great

"I have."
"And what is your opinion!"
"And what is your opinion!"
"And What is your opinion!"
"And I feel sure she wants me."
"Lady Lillian, will you do one thing for me!"

If ever you discover Mrs. Denzh's address will it to me?

"Yes, if she will let me."
"And if you 'see' har again will you let me

"" You won't laugh?"
"I could not. Lady Lillian, I saw her in the glory of her innocent girlhood, and I loaths the man who, for his own interests, betrayed her into a marriage she must feel hateful. If ever you know Helen Danzil to need a friend, please remember that I will serve her as loyally and faithfulls are hershes? fully as a brother."

"I will!" and the girl's earnest voice showed the meant to keep her promise.

"Belleve me, Sir Guy, whatever news I hear

of Nell shall be shared with you

Some months passed away; the London essent way over, the Earl and Countess of Dashleigh with their children, had left England for the Black Forest

Mr. Denzil was at Baden-Baden; his wife was reported—accompenying him. Mr. Ashwin had found not the slightest clue to the missing Magdalen, and no opportunity had occurred of telling Dennil his fraud committed in Devonshire

teiling Denzil his fraud committed in Devonahire was discovered.

The Charteris family still believed the lady Neil and his father had seen like Mrv. Denzil. Until ha had something tangible to tell them Mr. Ashwin never dreamed of disturbing this belief.

Lady Lillian and Sir Guy had met many times, but she had never had another experience to

confide to him.

"I think she must be dead," the girl told him sorrowfully when he called to say good-bye the day before the family left town, where they had lingered longer than most of their friends. "No," said Sir Guy, decidedly, "I don't think she can be dead, you would not have seen her."

ane can be dead, you would not have seen her."

Lil blushed.

"Mother said I ought not to have told you about seeing Nell. She is afraid you will think me mad!"

"I think you all that is loyal and true. I have been talking to your brother lately, and he has brought me round to his opinion."

Well, I shall write if I have anything to tell

But apparently she had not, for a fortnight passed and he had no letter. He was feeling very grave and troubled one August night, when he had been three mouths in London and had heard nothing more of Magdalen. Guy was used to have things go smoothly with him. Now the only two women whose fate had ever interested him had both disappeared, and no effort of his seemed to avail to find them. Ludy Declina wrote a dozen reproachful letters, and, taken as a whole, the Baronet felt his quest was a fallure. But he was atrong and healthy; his anxiety was not remorse, and he slept well and heavily. Grave and troubled as he had seemed that particular August night his eyes closed the moment his head touched the pillow. But his sleep was not to be the calm dreamless repose which usually came to him. For the first

repose which usually came to him. For the first time in his night-visions he saw Neil Charteris— Nell as he had met her that night in River-lane,

tearful, sad, and lonely.

She seemed to stand by the river's brink (just She seemed to stand by the river's brink (just as Lill Forrester had described), and she had fixed her eyes upon the water. A shudder shook Guy's frame, for he knew by instinct what she contemplated. He tried to speak, but his volce would not obey him. He tried to rush forward and pull her back, but his feet were stiff and motionless; the drops of sweat ran off his forehead in his agony as he listened to Nell's and plaint.

plaint.

"It can't be very wrong," he heard her sweet voice say. "I have no home, no friends, I am in every one's way; she is dead, the only creature who needed me. Why should I not end my pain I It looks so cool and pleasant is would cool my brow," looking lovingly on the waters. "Five minutes, suffering, and all would be over. I should be free—free I I must do it, I must."

The spell which held Gny was broken. He rushed for ward and seized her arm; he drew her face from the dangerous spot, and then asked her one question.—

"What is this place !"
"Dale's Court, Glone "Dale's Court, Gioncester," she answered, mechanically, 'Oh! let me go. You always hated me. Let me do it!"

hated me. Let me do it!"
Guy never heard his own reply. He was awake, with the August sunshins pouring into the room. He rose at once, breakfasted, and sent for a map of Gloucestershire. His very blood seemed to freeze in his veius when he discovered that such a place as 'Dale's Court' really existed! Judging have the man it was sight or nine miles out of om the map it was eight or nine miles out Glonesster, a tiny place, too small for a railway station or even a market. His mother would have thought him mad. As

His mother would have thought him mad. As soon as he had fullshed with the map he drove to Paddington, and demanded a ticket to Gioucester. Some hours later he left the quiet cathedral city in a hired trap bound for the they hamlet of "Dale's Court."

(To be continued.)

GIVE HIM BACK TO ME

-:0:-CHAPTER V .- (continued.)

VIOLET ate very little dinner that night, for the nusual excitement had taken away her appetite, but she looked very charming as she stood in the drawing room ready to receive her guests, with a slight flush on her cheeks, a string of pearls round her white neck, which she had never worn slace her wedding day, and a very lovely dress of white lace, which made her look almost like a bride. Whilst she waited, one nervous qualm succeeded another. Now that she had a moment for quiet reflection, she began to doubt the propriety of her conduct. If her brother had been there it would have been different, or any of her own family; but it was too late to talegraph. Oh! why hadn't she thought of it before! She stood so completely alone, and more than half the people who were coming to her were nearly, if not quite, strangers! VIOLET ate very little dinner that night, for the

A panic seized her as she heard the sound of wheel on the gravel. Could she ring the bell, say she had a headache, and sand them all away? Impossible! She knew that such conduct would never be forgiven or forgotten, and as she had been foolish exough to be drawn into it, she must play her part to the end.

The next moment Lady Jane Armitage and

Mr. Armitage were announced, and they came in, followed by what seemed a countiess herd to Violet's startled eyes.

To her guests, however, she seemed a model of a well-bred hostess, whilst to herself she appeared nothing better than a school-girl alarmed at her own escapade. Her courage rose as she knew there was no retreat, and she set everyone at their case by the charm of her

everyone at their case by the charm of her manner.

Mr. Armitage was utterly fascinated, and behaved as if he thought he had a special right to appropriate his hostess.

After cups of coffee had been handed round, Mr. Smith, the village musician, took his place at the plane, and played the preliminary bars of a walts. He had been out of the world, and had learnt no naw music, so played one old favourite after another. Nobody complained; there was a charm about the whole thing, and the old sweet tunes, which everybody liked, seemed more appropriate than the new ones.

Coming in a whole party from the same house, there was no difficulty about partners. Men were in a majority, therefore all were anxious to dance; and it seemed to Violet as if the first note of "Under the Stars" sent everyone except herself and a few males whirling round the room, without any preliminary manceures. Mr. Armitage was by her side, whilst two other men were making their way towards her.

"Shall we begin?" he asked quickly; and without walting for an answer put his arm round.

"Shall we begin?" he asked quickly; and without waiting for an answer put his arm round her small waist, and in another moment they were floating on the wings of the music, gently,

gracefully, without effort. It was the height and depth of enjoyment to Violes, whose youth came back to her at one bound, and brought a finsh to her cheeks and a light to her eyes, which made her beauty darsling.

They stopped at last by an open window.

"Oh I I never meant to dance," she panied, feeling a pang of compunction in her heart.

"Never meant to dance!" exclaimed Right Armitage in amassment. "With such a floor and such a tune, it would have been wicked waste to stand and look on!"

"But you don't understand; I.—I am not like other women!"

"I agree with you. If the other women were all like you the world would be a paradise!" sofely, with the most open admiration in his eyes.

sofely, with the most open admiration in his eyes.

"Don't flatter me; I hate it," she said impatiently, with a sudden feeling of repulsion.

"I thought I might make you understand without the trouble of explaining. Now, if your sister had a husband fond of travelling about and hatleg to be tied—to England," blushing as she bent over her fan, "wouldn't you advise her to be very proper and quiet, always to stay at home, and never give any parties!"

"Not I !" with a short laugh. "A husband who wilfully stays away from the most charming wife in England deserves to be forgotten. He must be a brute or a maniac. Forget him, Mrs. Sartoris; and I'll help you to do so with plasaure!"

There was the sound of a footstep on the

pleasure!"
There was the sound of a footstep on the grave!—s deep-drawn breath, which made them both look round with a start. Violet was white in a moment, and her heart throbbed painfully.
Mr. Armitage laughed.
"You look quite seared! It is only Davidson taking a stroll."

"You look quite seared! It is only Davidson taking a stroll."
"No, Captain Davidson is over there. I must go and see who it is!" quivering with an eagerness that surprised hereoit.
"Then I must come with you. See, you are dropping your flowers" as he stooped to pick up a crimson rose which had falleu from the front of her dress. "May I have is!"

a crimson rose which had fallen from the front of her dress. "May I have it?"

He put it to his lips, then placed it in his buttonhole; while she, entirely engrossed in her own thoughts, peered eagerly into the shadows, then hurried down the path. He went after her, and drew her hand through his arm.

"Let me take you back to the house? It is beginning to rain—and you will kill yourself!"

"I don't mind. Oan't you see anyone?" in a

"I don't mind. Can't you see anyone ?" in a whisper.

"Not a soul !" casting hurried glances over the lawns and into the shrubberies. "Which are you straid of, a ghost or a burglar !"

"Neither. I only thought—" in a tone of bitter disappointment—but what she thought she would not tell—only sighed deeply.

The pearls round her white neck were beautiful stones; but she would have given them all for one word from the man who emerged from the darkness of the shrubberies into the high road, got into a dog-eart, and drove away, mutaring to himself,—

"Fool that I was to think that she could want me!"

"What have you done to her?" saked Lady Jane of her brother, as she came in through the next window, and noticed Violet's white

"If Nothing. Only solltude has upset Mrs. Sartorie's nerves, and a cat passed the window whom she took for a burglar."

"Ah! didn't I say shutting yourself up was folly and nonsense!"

"Lady Jane, you said you had something to

And Violet laid her hand on her arm, and raised her grave eyes to the other's laughing

face.

"Ah, yes! My consin—young Clinton—joined a party who were exploring the Ander, and Mr. Sartoris was one of them—no altered that Ned took him for an impostor."

"My dance, I think, Lady Jane!" And she was carried off, whilst Violet looked after her with eager eyes, longing to hear something more than those few meagre details.

A bien rather I bell month Is my Lady a Lando his ba HB

to car her p of wir band's had bride. chose h

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CHAPTER VI.

A NABBOW SHAVE.

"A most delightful evening, Mrs. Sartoria," stid Mrs Davidson, a pretty little woman, with rather a lisp. "The encous is so perfect that I believe you must have planned it for a

month."

"No. I bear witness that the idea originated in my fertile brain only a few hours ago," said Lady Jane, triumphantly. "I wonder what Cyrll Laudon will say to all this going on as soon as his back is turned?"

"He will be much too occupied with his bride to eare what goes on at the Priory," said Violet, hattly, always terribly sensitive at the idea of her mane being coupled with Cyrll's leat a breach the side of the coupled with Cyrll's leat a breach the side of the coupled with Cyrll's leat a breach the side of the coupled with Cyrll's leat a breach the side of the coupled with Cyrll's leat a breach the side of the coupled with Cyrll's leat a breach the side of wind might carry a careless word to her hus-

And yet, if I am not mistaken, the Priory something to do with his choice of a

"No, indeed"—with a nervous laugh, "he chase his wife for himself, and everyone could see how deeply in love he was."

"If he was so much in love why did he waste six years!" said Lady Jane, aggressively.

"I don's know, you had bester sak him."

"H you don's know no one also could tell

"I suppose Mabel was too young. Didn't she look a child to day?"

"How did he amuse himself whilst she was growing up?" with a supercitious smile.

"As any other man would, I suppose," with a shrug of her shoulders, as she gave Mr. Smith a giance to tell him to strike up, and put an end to this conversation, which she began to find very supplesses."

supleasant.
"Does every other man run down to Leighton
every week of his life?"
"He would perhaps run down every now and
thee, not every week, if he happened to be the
Rector's ward;" her cheeks burning, as she saw Mrs. Davidson exchange a knowing glance with Lady Jane. "How muddy your above are! Where have you been!" she exclaimed, in sur-

prise.

It was now Lady Jane's turn to grow crimson, as she harriedly hid the toes of her shoes under the lace frills at the edge of her skirt.

"My dear Mrs. Sartoris, if you ask people to come straight from a wedding to a dance, you ought to have some compassion for the state of their shoes," she said, crossly.

"But I was admiring your shoes when you came in. They are so prettily embroidered at the tip. What a pity to make them so muddy i" with a vague feeling that there was something in the background which she couldn't divine.

"My last partner dragged me nolens volens

"My last pariner dragged me nolens volens late the garden. Where's Reight We must be golog," and Lady Jane went away, still with that vivid colour on her cheeks.

There was a great skurry at the last when the

There was a great skurry at the last when the carriages came. Some were in the refreshment-room quenching their thiret, others enjoying all the delights of a last dance, whilst the more prudent ones stood at the door, calling out—"The train will be gone. Come, come!"

Lady Jane resemed to be in a fever of impatience. She got into the brougham, and would have driven off without her brother, only he shouted out to her to stop in atentorian tones.

"Good-bye, Mra. Sartoria. Thanks for a most perfect conclusion to a very dull day. Jane says you are coming to stay with my mother in town!"

"What an idea! I'm goins to be an harmit as

What an idea ! I'm going to be an hermit as

"Then I may come to the Priory t"—very eagerly. His very eagerness put her on her guard, and she shook her head.
"Then when and where can I see you again !"
"You must be resigned to doing without "—

coldly, "I can't. Do you never go to Ludy Staple-

"She has made me promise to go to her some time in July"—thoughtfully.

"Then I shall get her to invite me too. Good-night. I have your rose—and your face will

always be before my eyes? Coming, Jane. What a fidget you are?" as he spring into the brougham and slammed the door.

Violet went back into the drawing-room as the last carriage drove off. After her intenesty quiet life is had been an evening of bewildering excitement, but she had not enjoyed it over-much. It had been pleasant to dance and feel the ground flying under her light steps; pleasant to see so many bright faces round her; but the very bright-ness and the galoty had revived the old sching longing with fresh intensity; and the step on the gravel had reminded her—she scarcely knew why—of the hope and the happiness of the days ravel had reminded her—she scarcely knew of the hope and the happiness of the days

the gravel man to the happiness why—of the hope and the happiness what were gone.

Leaning against the frame of one of the long windows, her eyes wandered listlessly ever the damp lawn, where the rain was falling sofuly. As a servant moved a lamp inside the dining-room, the light fell in a broad stream across the grass, and in the middle of the lawn she saw a white paper. Prompted by some impulse she could not account for, she darted into the rain and picked it may be a servent for the rain and picked account for, she darted into the rain and picked it up. It was only an empty envelope directed to Lady Jane Armitage in a masculine handwriting. Suddenly a mist gathered before her eyes, and she caught hold of the curtain to save herself from falling. The post mark was London; the stamp a common English one; the handwriting was her husband's i

a common Eegiish one; the handwriting was her hasband's;
Gasping for breath, she sank down upon a seat, trembling like a frightened hars—Lady Jans had deceived her! Then thumping through her brain came the idea that Jack had been there that night; the mud upon her shoes could only have been got from a soft place outside the gates, where the road had been mended. There was no other mud ou that summer's night when the rain had only just begun; the crimson blank on her check condemned her, for she was coarcely shy enough to blank so much if she had only been for an innocent stroll with a partner. Thinking till her brain was quitt bewildered, Violet suddenly sprang from her sast. "Oh! what nonsense!" she said to herself, as she paced up and down the room. "I think I must be going mad. This is Jack's own house—he wouldn't creep about the garden like a thief! He would come in, perhaps, without a knock or a ring; but he would crtainly come in. And strangs as he has been, I'm sure he would speak to me—he couldn't go away without. And yet that step! I seemed to know it was he, though there was no reason to think so. When Mr. Armitage laughed I hated him. What a hurry Lady Jane was in to go away, just as if comebody were waiting for her at the station. Perhaps Armisage isogned I hased nim. What a hurry Ludy Jane was in to go away, just as if somebody were waiting for her at the station. Perhaps they are there still. The train is sure to be late. I'd run down myself only they would think it so queer, and I must be so careful whilst Jack's away."

Jack's away."

She went to the bell, and rang it violently.

Webster, the butler, appeared, looking elsepy
and fill-used.

"Where's George !" looking up, whilst she
scribbled a few lines in pencil.

"Gone to bed, ma'am," looking as if he
thought he ought to follow the gardener's

xample.

'Do you think you could possibly get to the tation before the last train goes?"

Webster's breath was completely taken away y such an outrageous proposition. He looked to little ornamental clock on an ancient cabinet. It hands pointed to half-past twelve, and the

Its hands pointed to half-past twelve, and the train was to go at 12.31.

"No, ma'am, I don't see how I could; not if I were used to running, which I'm not," he added, with diguity.

"Vary well," she said quietly; and he went out of the room with an injured sir.

"You can put out the lights, and go to bed; but don's fasten the front door," she called out a minute later, as she hurried past him in the hall, and catching up a cloak, ran out into the carden.

The rain had ceased, and she thought there was a chance of being in time, as she remembered hearing that the trains had been late all day in consequence of some excursions. She sped with the speed of a scared rabbit down the road, not counting the consequences, or fearing the cost, spurred on by the maddening longing to know where her husband was. Panting, breathless, she reached the platform. From the little crowd still waiting she knew that the train had not come up, and, thank Heaven, she was in time. All at once from the astonished glaness she met on every side, it came upon her how strange, how extraordicary, her appearance would seem at that time of night, when she had deter-mined to be so stald and proper during Jack's

Mrs. Sartoris! Good Heavens, is it you ! " exclaimed Ralph Armitage, in amazement. "Is there anything I can do for you?" in a low

voice. "Tell me what you want?"
"Indy Jane," she said, breathlessly, trying
to conceal her identity under the hood of her
cloak, "where is she?"

He looked over his shoulder to where his sister was standing in the dim twilight, talking earnestly to a tall man with broad shoulders at the further end of the platform, and heal-

Her eyes followed his, and she recognised Lady Jane's figure in a moment—the man's was hidden

rom her.
"I must speak to her," she said, and hurried

Armitage caught hold of her cloak.

Go into the waiting-room; I'll bring her to anxiously.

"No, let me go?"

She wrenched the cloak from his hand, and darted through the crowd as she heard the whistle of the coming train. A porter heard it too, and caught up a trunk on his shoulder, so that there should be no further delay.

He did not see the slight form fitting by him.
The next moment Violet's forehead came in
violent contact with the corner of the trunk. She

sasgered back; then with a little cry fell proceupon the hard floor of the platform.

Ralph Armitage rushed forward, knelt down and raised her gently in his arms, his face paie

with fear.

Her hood had fallen back, and as a porter with a lantern pushed his way to the front of the crowd which had gathered round, the light fell full on her lovely faco, white as death. "Give her to me," said the tall man who had been talking to Lady Jane, with a throb in his voice, as he elbowed his way to her side.

"No, ne," said Lady Jane; "the shock would kill her! Get into the train, and I'll come up

in the morning.

"I can't leave her," in a low voice, whilst his eyes rested with unfathomable tenderness on the closed eyes, the white cheeks, the beautiful brow where the bruise was close by the dusky

"I'll never do anything more for you," said Lidy Jane, in a low voice, "if you don't do as I tell you now."
"She need not know—I could keep out of her

algha."
"How weak you are! Don't you know what a sensation a stranger makes in a village ! Ralph will stay with me. In two minutes she will be able to walk to the fly; it is nothing much. Get in i " with intense eagerness, as she almost

pushed him into the train.
"Get in, air, please," said the guard; "we can't wait here all night! We are behind time

Half bewildered and sorely against his will he got into a first-class carriage, and as the door was slammed upon him Violet opened her eyes—just half a minute too late!

CHAPTER VII.

A WOMAN'S JEALOUST.

When Violet opened her eyes she looked wildly round as the engine gave a shrill scream, and the train rolled slowly out of the station. A sense of loss came over har, though she could not realise why; and she raised her head, saying,—
"Where is he?" only to be met by an erraeso glance from Ralph Armitage, whose face seemed

uncomfortably near her own.

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"You've had a little accident, and we are going to take you home," said Lady Jane, soothingly. "Do you think you can waik!"
"If not, I can carry you," said Mr. Armitege, eagerly. The next moment he frowned as Mrs. Sartoris abrank from him with visible repugnance, and succeeded in struggling to her feet.

She looked after the train with wistful eyes.

Wasn't somebody else here just now !

Mr. Armitage muttered something savagely under his breath, whilst Lady Jane answered

"Yes, of course, the Davidsons and the Pierre-oints, Major Lushington, little Daubeny and Charley Marnard.

"And no one size?"

"Really I couldn't count them. All the people who were at the Priory, and a lot of odds-and-ends besides," impatiently. "And now we shall lose our solitary fly if we don't make hasta."

Leaning on Mr. Armitage's arm Violet passed through the station, whilst the porters and the gray-haired stationmaster stood aside, eyeing her with respectful anxlety.

The Lady at the Priory was almost unknown The lady at the Priory was almost unknown to them, for she scarcely ever-went up to town or made use of the railway in any way. Her sudden appearance shortly after midnight, without either hat or bonnet, aroused their caricalty, and the injury she had received deepend their interest. Mr. Ociee, the stationmaster, stepped forward and opened the door of the fly.

"I am extremely sorry that such an accident "I am extremely sorry that, ma'am," he said, ehould have happened to you, ma'am," he said, respectfully, as he put out his hand to prevent

hope there will be no ill-effects."
"Thank you," she said, sweetly, "I am bester now. Why haven't you gone in the train!" she added, in surprise, as Lady Jane took her place by her side, and Mr. Armitage put himself on the back ment.

back seat.

"We are not barbarians, and we couldn't leave you in a dead faint," said Lady Jane, as the carriage drove off. "So you must give us house-room for a few hours, and if we are quite comfortable about you, we shall relieve you of our presence before you are down in the morning."

" It was very kind of you to stay," heeftatingly, as she remembered Raiph Armitage's carp wish to be allowed to return, and knew that he must be triumphing. "But you mustn't hurry away," she added, wearlly, for her head was throbbing psinfully, "for I've something to say to you.

"Then you must say it to-night—now, this moment. Never mind Ralph. He's a dear boy, and I've no secrets from him."

The blood rushed into Violet's face. not really fit for conversation; but Lady Jane was no nurse, and was bent upon having every-thing over to-night. In order not to miss the early train in the morning.

Violet put her hand to her head, and tried to think; then looked down into her lap, and remembered that she must have dropped the envelope when she fell.

"Oh I let us go back!" she exclaimed, sitting up in her eagerness, "I've dropped some-

"Not your pearls? No; they are all right," as Lady Jane caught sight of the necklace between the opening of the cloak.

"Anything of value?"

" An envelope

"Only that? I don't think we need turn back for an envelope "-with a sarcastic emile, " Was it mine! They said you were asking for me, when you came rushing up so oddly.'

Violet frowned with pain. Had she really made herself an object of ridicule to all those people? Would they go home and publish it through Beigravia that "Sartorie's wife" was more than half-cracked! "The envelope was more than half-cracked! "The envelope was yours," she said, in a husky voice, "but the writing was my husband's, and the stamp was an English one!" English one !

Ralph Armitage bent forward apparently to look out of the window; but it was really that

he might hear what she said, for he was listening

Lady Jane laughed lightly.

"What a fuse to make about a trifle!" her freekled face growing red, though bidden by the darkness, and her false eyes shiring like a cat's. "Is there any harm in Mr. Sartoris writing to me, when I am one of his oldest friends, and he wants to hear news of his wife and other people? And is there anything extraordinary in his en-trusting his letter to a friend, who posted it in

Then he isn's in England himself!"-infinite

disappointment in her voice.

"Really 1'm not answerable for his where abouts. What did I tell you to-night?"

"That he was in the Andes."

"Now, don't go and publish that abroad. How you do exaggerate! I told you that Ned Cinton had met him in the Andes two months

ago. I didn't say he had taken root there. He might be up at the North Pole by this time."

"Jane !" said her brother, indignantly. But the exclamation was lost in the grating of the wheels on the gravel, as the carriage drove up at

last at the Priory door.

Mrs. Milton stood on the steps, a victim excessive anxiety, having lost her mistress in the middle of the night, and not knowing in the least where to find her. When she was told that least where to find her. When she was told that Mrs. Sartoris had been up to the station, she made up her mind that she must be mad. When she heard that she had received a blow she was convinced that it would kill her. Moxing over her mistress as it she were a sick child, she would not wait to hear another word, but led her away to her room, to be attended to with the tenderset care nossible. the tenderest care possible.
"Shall I go off for the doctor !" asked Ralph,

with a promptitude that won the housekeeper's immediate approval; but Violet would not let

any fuse be made.
"I shall be quite well to-morrow," she said, wearfly. "Time to send for him when I want

Mr. Armitage looked at his sister, but she only Mr. Armitage looked at his sater, out his cally always abrugged her shoulders impatiently and yawned. She could not understand why her brother took their present position so placidly. He generally objected strongly to the smallest personal inconvenience; and it was certainly trying to pass vanished in a house where all the servants seemed to have gone to bed, and no bedrooms were available for their own tired frames.

"That loathsome wedding was at half-past eleven, and it is now two o'clock. I'm sure that

live been on the stretch for fifteen hours 1" Jane remarked, with another yawn, as she disposed herself on a sofs in the drawing-room, which was now partially lighted by one candle, which the housekeeper had left on the table. "What is the matter with you, Raiph? Why don't you grumble ?

"I would if it would do any good," leaning his back sgainst the mantelpiece, and endangering thereby sundry and divers costly trifles in the way of china atrodities which had once been wedding presents. "But first I should like to know what

on are driving at?"
Lady Jane figshed, but she said composedly, "A night's rest, which I am not likely to get."
"You know I don't mean that. What is all this mystery about Sartoris I and who was the

A gleam of satisfaction crossed his sister's face.
Ralph had not recognised Jack Sartoris, and the Raiph had not recognized data Sartors, and the scoret was safe at present! She had time still to plot and plan, to thwart the impulses of a husband's rising love; to try and break a declate woman's heart. Time to play the part of fiend whilst wearing the guise of a mediating angal; and her own wild and wilful heart throbbed with

triumph at the thought, triumph at the thought.

She answered her brother carelessly, "An eld friend, who suddenly sprang up from goodness knows where," and then lay back and let her thoughts travel backward over the unforgotten years to the time when she, in the freshness of youth, with an untouched fancy and affections ripe as the peaches on the wall, met Jack Sartoris, and lost her heart completely at the first sight of his handsome face, a period of unrest and constantly

recurring excitement followed, when alternately e doubted, hoped, and feared

ans counted, hoped, and feared.

He was always ready to talk to her, for her conversation was not as vapid as that of many young ladies, who can chatter of nothing but the doings and asyluge of their acquaintances. He was equally ready to ask her to dance with him. because their steps went well together; and if he firted a little it is not much to his discredit when the lady showed herself so willing to listen to

nirted a little it is not much to his discredit whan the lady showed herself so willing to listen to his pretty speeches.

At one time, led away by her own self-confidence, she actually imagined that some day he would propose to her, and constantly put on a dress he had casually admired, in order to excite his simiration. Lady Jane was tall, with a fine figure, a long nose, light eyes, and almost colouriese hair. Her complexion would have been decent if the had not always been freekled. At a boy's school abe would have certainly been nick-named "the leopard," but being a girl, and brought up in aristocratic seclusion, the escaped such ignoring, and consoled herself with the thought that she had a delicate skin. With supreme self-confidence she had gone to a fole at Hurlingham, knowing that Jack Sartoris was going to be brought there on the Guards' drag. Of course he would make his way to her side at once, and she hurledly dismissed all her other male friends lest thy should stay, and capture the chair by her side, on dismissed all her other mais reseal less they should stay, and capture the chair by her aide, on which she had thrown her fan. She waited till the game of polo was over; she waited till half a dozen others, taking pity on her thirsty state, had offered her the cup of tea which she meant to

have received from him.

At least it was time to go, and as she followed he mosher with a sinking heart to the place where the carriage was standing, she heard a voice behind her say, "Have you seen the new beauty, old Mayne's daughter! Jack Sartoris is head over ears. He's been sticking to her like a burr all the atternoon!" That was the first blint, soon the atternoon! That was the first blot, son followed by a second; the courtship was not long, the wedding followed close on its heels. At that wedding-day, should she ever forget is 7—the dull, stony despair that settled on her heart like a lump of ice! The shivered now as she thought of it, and then Mrs. Mitton's voice roused her from

her reverie.

"I've done the best I can for you, my lady.
You can have the spare room, and Mr. Armitage can have Mr. Bertie's "—a welcome interruption)

CHAPTER VIII. A WOMAN'S SIN.

WEEN a woman is thoroughly wicked and When a woman is thoroughly wicked and corrupt to the very core, then the path of all is easy to her, and are finds few obstacles to stop her steps; but when she is an ordinarily virtuous woman, well brought up, and not naturally inclined to ovil, but only led astray by an unfortunate passion—which was innocent enough in its first beginning—then, although she may refuse to turn back, and still pursues her wicked way, there is no peace for her; conscience clamours against her, and all the prejudices and prin-ciples of her former life rise up to torture her.

So Lady Jane was not happy. She regarded Jack Sartoris as her own property, who had been stolen from her by Violet Mayne.

All her energies were now devoted to keeping those two spart. It was she who wrote the anonymous letter which had a fatal sting when the photograph of Cyril Landon dropped out of Violet's dress

She met Jack Sartoris when he had hurried She met Jack Sartoris when he had hurtied back to London to make a few final arrangements before starting on his wanderings, and her wild heart leapt with joy when she dragged out of him, by a fire of questions, that he and his newly made bride had agreed to separate.

Hiding this unholy joy in the depths of her breast she affected the sincerest sympathy, and offered to write to him now and then, and tell him anything she knew of his wife's doings.

He felt so desolate that he caught at the suggestion at once, and said that her letters would be his greatest comfort.

e his greatest comfort.

They followed him wherever he went like some

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venomous insect always ready to sting; and gave him the impression that all his worst aus-picions were confirmed by his wife's present

ourse of life.
The fact that Cyril Landon was the Rector's The last that Cyril Landon was the Rector's ward was carefully concealed from him, therafore when he was told of his constant visits to Leighton, he naturally concluded that his own wife was the attraction, and in bitterness of spirit.

hept away.

Lady Jane told no direct lies, but she did as bad, or even worse, by the half-hints, and the velled instinuations which drove the unhappy instead half mad.

At last he made up his mind to come to Ragiand and judge for himself. His rival's delicate health should not keep him from the only revenge that lay in his power.

Lady Jane was in despair when she heard of his resolution—only two or three days before it was carried out; but her quick brain soon developed a plan by which a reconciliation could be prevented.

resoned a plan by which a reconditation could be prevented.

If he ran down to the Priory, and found his wile waiting for him in duiness and loneliness, her position would go to his tender heart, and when ones his compassion was excited he would not aside his pride and resontment, and listen to the explanation which she would be so ready to

Then he would take her in his arms, and they would settle down into a model married pair all the more attached because of their long

all the more automore bridge.

At the thought of such a climax Lady Jane's beart throbbed with passionate jealousy. At any cost it must be prevented, and after racking her brains to conceive a remedy, she fastened upon the unauspecting Violet, and insisted upon filling her house with a host of guesta whom she did not want.

The then gave her brother a hint to fillet

She then gave her brother a hint to filrt the his charming hostess—the poor little log had been sadly neglected, and wanted awing out—there was no reason why she ould not amuse herself whilst her husband left

her alone.

Ralph Armitage's interest and compassion were both excited, and his admiration set his brain on fire. He did go as far as he dared, and Jack Sartoris arrived to find his wife surrounded by a lot of people whose faces he did not know, without one of her own family to support the claims of propriety, and in the act of listening to an "insolent puppy" (as he called Armitage in his anger), who told her to forget her husband, and he would be most happy to assist her in doing so.

and he would be most happy to assist her in doing so.

He saw the rose fall, and Armitage press it to his lips, and did not know that she failed to rebake him for his impertinence, simply because she was too engrossed by the thought of the mysterious footstep to notice is.

He came, cheered by the news of Cyrli Landon's marriage, willing to make the best of any explansion his wife could offer, because of the passionate yearning in his heart and the carnest longing to be friends; he was tired of loneliness, sick to death of exile, and he wanted a home.

nome.

In bitterness of hears be turned away, chilled and disappointed. Lady Jane found him in the garden, and as she shook his hand with passionate eagurness, each, reproachelly,—

"You ought not to have some to-night; it is the reaction. She has been in such low apirits. You know Cyril Landen was married to-day."

day t" I know it t" sullenly—almost flerosly. "I suppose he loved the girl, and that explains his visits to Leighton. You might have told

Lady Jane shrugged her shoulders.

"Does every man marry the woman he loves? When two names have been linked together by the tongues of gossips, an honourable man will do anything to stop them."

"Two names! Do you dare to say that my wife's—"he began, excitedly; but she stopped him by laying her long, alender fingers on his

Don't be angry with me ! Go back to

London, and come to Eston-square to-morrow moralog."

Bas she won't be there !" looking be-

"Of course not. I mean our house, not the Maynes'. She must be prepared; she doesn't expect you."
"She doesn't want me!" bitterly. "Speak

plain Eoglish; don't spare me!"
"Oh, Jack, I would have spared you everything if I could!" in a tone of the utmost

There was no response. As he stood in the twilight, gnawing the ends of his drooping moustaches, his thoughts were with his wife—as

moustaches, his thoughts were with his wife—as he had seen her a moment ago—with that other man by her side.

"Was shat your brother?" he asked abruptly.

"I shouldn't have thought he was the sort of fellow to make up to a woman behind my

fellow to make up to a woman bening my back."

"No, no! Ralph wouldn't have thought of such a shing. It is only a way he has. And these sort of—grass widows—don't you call them i—are so tempting."

Something like a muttered oath passed his lips, and he turned away.

Then she ran after him to the gate, and begged him to go back to London, and she would meet him at the station and tell him the reason why. And after that she went back to the drawing-room, her cheeks still burning with hidden excitement, and faced his young wife with her false evasions. Oh! the crueity of some delicately nurtured women, who would scream at the death of a butterfly, and yet trample on the feelings and torture the nerves of their alsters, with a smile on their lips and a feeling of exaltation in their hearts!

Lady Jane had no pity for her victim; even when she lay senseless on the platform of the station—no pity—because the man she loved to recklessly was looking down into his wife's unconscious face with infinite tenderness in every line of his own. At that moment she could almost have killed Violet, but she did the next most cruel thing when she sent her husband away from her—taking advantage of his bewilderment and uncertainty—to get him out of the way before his wife recovered her senses.

There was no remores in her heart as she lay

and uncertainty—to get him out of the way before his wife recovered her senses.

There was no remores in her heart as she lay awake and tossed from side to side in the comfortable bed of the spare room—only joy to think that Jack Sartorfs was in England, that she had seen him once already, that he looked upon her as his best friend, and that she should see him again before many hours had passed. And all the while she considered herself eminently virtuous, because she would not have run away with him even if he had saked her; whilst she cherished in her heart an unlawful passion which was another woman's curse as well as her own. The next morning she rose very early, because she was best upon going up to town by the 9 15 train. She saked after her hostess, and was about to go into her room, when Mrs. Milton stopped her, and told her that Mrs. Sartorfs had just fallen saleep, and she must not be disturbed on any secount. For reasons of her disturbed on

n asleep, and she must not be disturbed on raise asieep, and she must not be disturbed on any account. For reasons of her cown, Lady Jane wished particularly to be able to say that she had seen Violet, so she begged earnessly to be allowed to creep in on tiptoe; and the house-keeper, shinking that her eagerness was a sign of real friendship, gave way and pushed open the door gestly. In allence the woman of the world atood by the bedside of her hated rival, and her heart swelled with a conflict of feelings. In her breast there was a struggle between her better breast tweesed with a consist of resings. In fact breast here was a struggle between her better self, as she had been when she was an innecent girl, before the breath of passion passed over har, and her worse, when she had listened to she voice of the tempter, and let herself side downwards like a crest of anow from the moun-

downwards like a creat of anow from the mountain-top.

Violet asleep, with her long lashes resting on her softly, rounded cheeks, her pretty lips slightly parted, her soft dark hair ruffled by restless movement, was a sight to move a hear's of stone. Her face had lost none of the innocence of childhood. Parity was stamped in characters that all might read on her broad white brow; but on her delicate leasnty sorrow

had set its unmistakable seal. There was some-thing touching in the simplicity of the room— no sign of pampered ease, or modern luxury. The young wife had not cared to spend much on herself. The curtains were of pale pink cretonne; and the coverings of the rest of pink cretonne; and the coverings of the rest of the furniture were to match. All was dainty and refined, with flowers in the vases, and pretty draperies to the bed—an appropriate nest for a simple English girl who had not acquired the habit of self-indulgence. Lady Jane glanced from the sleeping figure on the bed to the simple adornments of the

room, and a pang shot through her heart. There were so many signs of narrow means-there were o many luxuries wanting, and this in the house

of the rich Mr. Sartorie's wife !
She turned away feeling half-stifled, and drew a long breath when she gained the passage. She shook herself as if to shake off the impression, and said hurriedly to Mrs.

Milton,—
"This sleep is the best thing for her. The longer Mrs. Sartoris can rest the bester it will

"It's little rest my mistress has had this night, my lady. I had more than half a mind to send for the doctor," said the housekeeper,

gravely.

"But, there, servants always make such a fuss over everything." Lady Jane consoled herself with, as she hurried over her breakfast. "Will you tell Mr. Armitage that he will be too late if he does not come at one i she said to Webster, who was in the act of

removing her plate.

"Mr. Armitage's hot water was taken up more than an hour ago, my lady; but he sens it away, and said he would ring when he wanted in."

wanted it."
"Dear me, how provoking? I must go without him?" And catching up her gloves she went through the hall out on to the steps, where the fly which she had ordered was waiting. Her maid had gone up the night before. So the Earl of Oldhorpe's daughter had actually to travel to town by herself.

Lady Jane felt equal to that, or any other emergency, when she shought of Jack Sartoris waiting for her in Eston-zquare; and as London came nearer, and Leighbon was left further and further behind, all pity for the foresken wife was forgotten in the joy of meeting a dangerous old friend,

CHAPTER IX.

A WIFE'S DESPAIR.

An I how her head ached as slowly Violet Sur-toris walked into her drawing-room about twelve

She thought she would lie down on the sofa and say "Not at home" to anybody who hap-pened to come, because she felt she must be alone with her bewildering thoughts and this strange busying in her head

buszing in her head.

And as she thought it a man picked himself up out of an armchair in which he had been lounging, with a yellow-backed novel in his hand, and came towards her with a great eagerness in his

She atopped, and drew up her neck uncertain how to meet him. She looked like a hind with its dainty head upraised at the first scent of danger in the wind, and a slight colour mounted to her cheeks.

"Mr. Armitage! I thought you had gone with

"Did you think I could go wishout knowing how you were i" as he took her hand, and bowed low over it before he let it drop.
"Lady Jane would have told you," as she made her way towards the sofs, holding on to every listle table or chair as she went.
"I wanted to see with my own eyes. You are ill now! You have no business to be up," watching her with real anxiety.

ing her with real anxiety.

"I could not stay in bed," putting her hand to her forehead. "Oh! Mr. Armitage, did you over feel as if you would go mad?" she asked, abruptly.

"Mad as a hatter, after a fall from my window in Tom Quad. They had to strap me down, and put tons of ice upon my head, or I believe I should have murdered my best friend," he said, cheerfully, though his eyes were still watching her every movement.

"I wish Bertle were here!" in a low voice, as she nervously plaited the fringe of an anti-

"Shall I telegraph for him! Do you want him really

"Yes, but he's away," the corners of her mouth drooping, "and I'm alone—alone, with nobody to look after me !

Ralph Armitage got up from his seat strangely moved, whilet his mind ran over all his women friends, and he wished to Heaven that the kindest and the most womanly of them all were here to take care of the poor child.

His own sex hand(capped him so heavily that he was at a less what to do, and yet the dormant scrap of chivalry in his composition was roused

by her desolate position.

"Mrs. Sartoris," he said, and his voice throbbed with genuine feeling, "I am but a recent friend; nevertheless, I am heart and soul

recent friend; nevertheless, I am heart and soul at your service."

"Oh, yes!" with a queer little laugh, which somehow jarred upon his nerves. "You would do anything for me, I know; but Cyril said the same, and where is he! And, Jack, so long ago—so very long ago—he promised, and he vowed, that I was all the world to him, and he went away and never came back! Oh, men! men! men!" getting up, and walking about the room excitedly, as she clasped and unclasped her hands, "they are all silke. The girl who trusts one of them is sure to break her heart!"

Ralph watched her slight figure in the white dress flitting to and fro, and his uncasiness grew into absolute fear.

"Mrs. Sartoris," he began, gently; but she stopped him with an imperative gesture of her small white hand.

"Dou't call me by that name. He has dis-

But it is yours. He can't take it from you.

"But it is yours. He can't take it from you. Oh! carse him a thousand times for bringing you to this!" his heart swelling with sympathy for the deserted wife, and rage against the deserter.

"Heah! I won't have it. No one shall curse Jack! Have you ever seen him! His eyes were so blue and so honest they couldn't deceive you," with a tender smile lighting up her almost ashen-coloured face. "Oh, give him back to me!" clasping her hands against her cheat, her voice sounding almost like a wall.

"Y will!" said Mr. Armitage, hoarsely, "I will.

"I will ! "said Mr. Armitage, hoarsely, "I will do anything on earth for you—only be calm;" and he tried to lead her back to the sofa, thinking to himself, " Oh ! if Jane had only stayed till a decent hour, instead of skurrying up to town as If a mad bull were at her hee

if a mad bull were at her heels."

"I am calm. There's nothing the matter with
me!" enatching away her hand impatiently and
trying to recover a purely conventional manner.
"Pray be seated, Mr. Armitage. Is there
anyshing in the papers!"

"Nothing," for at that moment his mind felt
quite a blank as to external affairs, being so fully
occupied with those of this one particular house.
"There seems to be a probability of war with
Russia," he added, because she appeared to be
waiting for an answer. walting for an answer.

"War !" and she raised her head, and looked him with eager eyes. "War is horrible!" at him with eager eyes. War is horrible: "
shudderlog. "Think of the wives who lose their
husbands. Gone never to come back—never—
never! The cold earth hides them, the rain fails ism, the wind howls amongst the trees, and children are crying at home. Jack isn't a the children are crying at home. Jack ian's a soldier, thank Heaven! so he's sure to be here soon. They can't make him fight, can they!"
"No; he left the army when he married."

"No; he left the army when he married,"

"Did he marry i" brushing back a stray lock
which had fallen over her face. "Bometimes I
think it was a dream. Do you remember it—the
crowds in the Abbey, the flowers on the ground,
the pealing organ, and the tall, grey arches i
There were carriages and carriages outside, and
ours had a brown horse and a white, and the

brown horse kicked, and Jack told me not to be

"Again she rose from her seat, and, standing before him, drew her brows together as if perplexed.

perplaced.

"After that we were in the train—so happy—oh, so very happy! and then something happened."

"What was it? Oh, tell me? Don't you remember?"

"No; I never knew." His ears were wide open, as he thought himself on the brink of the mystery which had so long been the standing

people, as he invogant purely which had so long been the seasons purely of Belgravian society.

"I know he went away, but why—I have forgotten. Oh! Mr. Armitage, help me!" holding out two small hands imploringly.

He caught them, and preseed them to his lips.

"Only tell me how!"

She let her feverlah fingers rest in his, as if she had forgotten that they were in his grasp, and he looked down into her lovely, troubled face, his heart beating fast. Oh! if Saxtoris were only dead! He would have taken her then and there in his arms, and told her to forget her troubles in his love, after a short acquaintance of about his love, after a short acquaintance of about his love, after a short acquaintance of about in his arms, and told her to forget her troubles in his love, after a short acquaintance of about twenty-four hours! "I don't know how, but you must find him, and I will love you."

"You—you will love me! " scarcely believing his ears, as the blood rushed up into his face.

"Yes, I will love you more than anyone else on earth. You must be kind; you can't refuse

"I can refuse you nothing," doubting if he himself were dreaming. "But where can I find

him i "

"Oh, in South America, or Africa, perhape; in Siberia—wherever there is sport to be had, or something to be shot."

The field seemed rather wide. Mr. Armitage's seal was somewhat staggered. She could not even tell him in which hemisphere to begin, and a mental picture rose up before him of himself careering wildly over the barren wastes of Africa, while the man he was chasing was enjoying himself in California or Peru.

"You haven't a clue, I suppose?" he saked, deubtfully.

Violet started, as if she had forgotten his presence.

(To be continued.)

EMIGRATION TO CANADA, - Daring the peat few years there has been an increased movement of settlers from the United Kingdom, and from Europe, to Canada. This is not to be wondered at when we think of the great advantages the at when we think of the great advantages the country offers to new arrivals. Free grants of land may be obtained in several of the Provinces (Manitobs, the North West Territories, and parts of Ontario). Crown grants may be acquired on nominal terms in New Brunswick, Nova Scotla, Quebec, Ontario, and British Columbia, while in all parts of the country improved farms can be purchased at reasonable prices. The position of the farmer in Canada is somewhat exceptional trom the fact that the Government has made great endeavours to encourage the industry. Experimental farms are provided at the public expense, and the experiments are all made with the object of furnishing useful object lessons to agriculturists. The farm and dairy produce has in consequence improved in quality and increased in quantity, and the result is seen in expanding exports of mests, grain, flour, butter, cheese, eggs, and fruits, all of which are now becoming well known on the British markets. There are millions of acres of land still waiting occupation sud cultivation, destined to provide homes for a large number of people in future. Fall particulars may be obtained on application to the High Commissioner for Canada, 17, Victoria Streets, London, S.W. It is not only agriculture that has developed in a gratifying manner in Canada. The same fremark applies to its great wealth in timber, its fisheries, its mannfactures, and especially to its mineral resources. All are showing great in the same fremark applies to the great showing great in the same fremark applies. from the fact that the Government has and especially to its mineral resources. All are showing great signs of progress, and afford excellent opportunities for the investment of capital and the employment of labour.

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CREMATION is becoming increasingly popular in Paris, and the crematorium erected at the cemeiry of Père Lichaise has already been found to be too small. Additions are being made, and a third furnace, a large hall, and a columbarium will soon be ready for use. The latter somewhat resembles the Campo Santo of Gence, and will contain 10 000 recopeacles for ashes. These niches are closed with slabs of marble, on which inscriptions was the cut. tions may be cut.

Ir is not generally known that it was a taller who gave the name to one of the most famous thoroughfares in the world. Early in the seven-teenth century there flourished at the corner of what is now Sackville-atreet a tailor named What is now Sacrylla-street a railor halos of the then fashionable Spanish lace collars, called "Pickadilles" Rettring from business, he invested the proceeds in buying up the property on the west of his abop, and building a new street, which he christened Piccadilly. 900

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FACETIAL.

SHE: "A woman doesn's always have the last word, does she!" He: "Oh, no. she is talking to another woman."

Riccs: "Where did you get that black eye?"
Jiggs: "Told the conductor I was travelling on
my face, and he punched the ticket."

"A MAN and his wife should be partners like a business firm," "Yes," answered the meek-eyed, ellent partner, "and I find my wife is firm

Undersum: "My wife talks, talks, talks all the time." Peck: "Impossible. She must listen part of the time, otherwise she wouldn't be so popular with my wife."

HOAX: "What's the matter, old man! You look all cramped up." Joan: "I've just been calling on one of those artistic girls, and spent two hours in a cosy corner."

MRS. VASSAR: "Do you believe that lady is 105 years old, as she claims?" Mr. Vassar: "I presume it's so. She knows how to knit stockings."

"Do you drink coffee i" "Yes," "Coffee," continued the M.D., "Is a slow potson." "Yes, very slow," replied the old man. "I have taken it dally for nearly eighty years."

Hs: "Nothing could ever come between us, could it, dear?" She: "I can't think of a single thing, unless I should happen to become engaged to some other man."

Wife: "Dear me, something wrong with the teapot; it won's pour freely at all." Hus band: "The teapot is all right. And you can't blame the tea—it is too weak to run."

MES. GOTHAM: "The paper says an Indiana State hoard is trying to prevent the marriage of idiota." Mr. Gotham: "What noncense! They

"Way, this bill charges for three plates of soup.
We had only two." Walter: "Ah, yes; but
monateur forgets the plate I spilled upon the lady's

Mn Suburn: "Haven't you a dog to protect your house from tramps?" Mr. Lawmmo: "Yes." "Then why do you walk around every night with a gun?" "Oh, I'm not protecting the house. I'm enly protecting the dog."

"Is it hard to propose to a girl?" asked the novice in share of the heart. "Sometimes it's a good deal harder not to propose," returned the man of worldly experience thoughtfully. "It's always well to be on your guard."

always well to be on your guard."

"THERE, now, Clara, how would you like to be these people who can't get home from Paris because their funds gave out?" "Well, dear me, Clarence, they are better off than we are, whose funds gave out before we got started."

MOTHER: "Maude, I'm astonished at your conduct with that gentleman! I distinctly heard him kies you twice!" Maude: "Nonsense. ma! You know very well the conservatory has an acho!"

MR. SIMKINS: "Give me a kiss, Bobby, and run up and tell your sister Jenny I have brought her a box of chocolate." Bobby: "Oh! When Do. Dashing calls he always gives the candy to me and

OLD LADY: "And how did you come to join the Salvation Army, my good young man?"
S. A. Recruit (frankly): "It was the only way I could get the public to stand my cornet-playing ma'am?"

"I wonder why he married his private secre-"I WOMDER why he married his private solu-tary?" "Well, perhaps he thought that since she had been regularly mixed up in the business long enough to get tired of it, she wouldn't want him to bell her all about it every night when he

"I say, Reggy, it was very mean of you not to speak to me when you met me down town this afternoon." "Why, dence take it, man I Is was your own fault. Us fellahs are wearing lawender ties this week and you had on a pink

Mrs. Gatyr: "My husband gave up all his expensive habits a short time ago." Miss Reight: "And how did his economical reform work?" Mrs. Gayys: "First rate, my-dear, while it lasted. He saved up enough money the first week to buy me a new hat."

RICH PATIENT: "What is the cause of gout, dooter?" Doctor: "Excessive eating and drinking will produce gout. Mental worry will also cause it." Patient: "My, my? Well, I must stop worrying over my excessive eating and drinking."

"I," said the gentleman who had fairly prospered, "am humbly proud of the fact that I took 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' as my motto when I began business life." "There is nothing," said the second gentleman, who had measured business wits with the first gentleman, "like having good backing."

HE: "I know your family does not like me, but will you be my wife!" She: "Well, I should say not!" He (taken aback): "Whew! that's rather a---" She: "I repeat I should asy not, but as a girl in love doesn't generally do as she should, I'll say yes!" MRS. MASHAM: "What a lot of dust there is,

MRS. MARKAM: "What a lot of dust there is, Mabel! Shall we have the bood of the carriage up in front!" Mabel: "Oh, no! We shouldn't see anybody." "Shall we have it up behind, then!" "Oh, that would be still worse, for nobody could see us!"

nobody could see as !"

Wiff: "Did you post that letter I gave you thite mercing !" Hasband: "Of course I did !"

Wifs: "How provoking! I wanted to add a postacriph." Hasband (producing the letter):

"Well, here it is. Why didn't you tell me that in the first place!"

In the first place?"

VISITOR: "My dear Mrs. Smith, if you can keep a secret, I have a bit of interesting information for you." Mrs. Smith: "Of course I can," (Turning to another departing guest): "Just wait a minute longer, Mrs. Hardy; I have something important I want to tell you."

"What did you expect to prove by that exceedingly long-winded argument of yours!" asked the friend. "I didn't expect to prove anything," answered the orator. "All I hoped to do was to confuse the other fellow, so that he couldn't prove that I didn't prove anything."

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SOCIETY.

THE German Emperor has lately paid a visit to Professor Begas, when he ordered a statue of himself, which is to be sent, when finished, as a gift to the Hall of Fame at Barmen.

THE Emperor William is to be crowned King of Prussia on January 18th next, in the celebrated Moskomiter Hall in the Royal Schloss.

colebrated Moakomiter Hall in the Royal School, The occasion is to be a very great one, and many Royal personages will be present.

The Duchess Mary, widow of the late Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, has presented his celebrated collection of glass and ceramic

his celebrated collection of glass and ceramic ware, which is valued at half a million of marks, to the "Yeste Coburg," near Coburg.

When visiting the Prince at Marborough House there is more ceremony, socially speaking, than at Sandriugham. A number of servants herald your arrival or departure, and there are usually two servants standing outside your room door when you are staying in the house, and a man behind the chair of every guest at mealtime.

For cycling the Duchess of York has never cared, but she has lately fallen a victim to th cared, but she has already selected upon the Prince of Wales. Whilst visiting Lord and Lady Liangattock as the Hendre, Monmonthalte, all the sightsceing in the neighbourhood was done by the guests in motor cars; and the Duchess of York expressed herself so delighted with this means of locomotion that it is understood a motor-car will speedily be added to the wehicles possessed by the Dake and Duchess of Vark.

NOTHING could be more calm and peaceful than the daily routine within the preducts of the lovely Royal Villa, or rather Palace of Capo di Monti, the King and Queen of Italy's residence at Naples, where it is believed they will in future spend the summer, it being very unlikely they will ever revisit Morsa, owing to its melancholy will ever revialt Monea, owing to its melancholy associations. The King, who rises at daybreak, gets through a considerable amount of hard work before breakfast, which he takes at half-past seven with the Queen. At eight o'clock, punctually, their Mejesties either walk or drive in the park, after which King Victor Emanuel transacts business of State, and the Queen finds time to visit her numerous pets, which include a number of rare birds, for the accommodation of which a of rare birds, for the accommodation of which a space in the Palace has been turned into an elaborate aviary. At one o'clock lunch is served, and is of the most simple description, two dishes being seldom exceeded. Dinner is an almost equally unassuming meal, three dishes and a sweet being the limit. To her ladies in-waiting ewest being the limit. To ner ladies in waiting Queen Eleva is invariably amiable and considerate, making their duties as light and little lirksome for them as possible. Since her marriage she has devoted herself with great success to the study of languages, as well as to music and art, for both of which she has real telent. While still Princess of Naples, one of her favourite annuements was the making of pastry and cakes, and she took particular paids to excel in those of which she knew her husband to be fond. As a recognition of these wifely attentions, the Pcin ordered a baker's oven of the newest construction to be placed in the private apartments of the es at the Quirina, but much to her sorrow her new duties as Queen of Italy will, in all pro-bability, put an end to this domestic and interest-

It has recently been officially announced that the young daughter of Princess Henry of Bat-tenberg is henceforth to be known and designated as Princess Victoria Engésie of Battenberg. She has, of course, been hitherto called and described as Princess Eng ; but it is understood that it is the desire of the ex-Empress of the French, after whom the young Princess has been called, that she should use the full name of Engelis. It is an open secret that the daughter of Princess Henry of Battenberg will inherit not only the fortune, but the very beautiful jewels of the Empress of the French, between whom and the Princess Henry the deepest attachment has always excited.

STATISTICS.

THE French Navy has 666 surgeons, the German only sixty.

LONDON imports 4,000,000 parasols and umbrellas a year.

TWENTY-SIX million eggs a day is the crop of the United States. England imports three million a day from the Continent.

Tweevez persons per million of Britain's in-habitants are yearly tried for marder; 134 per million in Italy.

LONDON has 6 102 physicians; the provinces, 15,794; Wales, 1 127; Scotland, 8,462; Ireland,

GEMS.

PLEASURE is like a cordial; a little of it is not injurious; but too much destroys.

HAPPINESS is to the heart what sunlight is to the body, and he who shuts out elt n enemy to society.

HOPE is the malaspring of human action; faith seals our lease of immortality; and charity and love give the passport to the soul's true and lasting happines

FROM love which is founded upon an illusion, there may be an awakening; but for love which sees its objects as they are, and still goes on loving them, there is no conceivable cure either in this world or the world to come.

The handlest lot for a man, as far as birth is concerned, is that it should be such as to give him but little occasion to think much about it.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

A SAVOURY SUPPER DISH .- Ingredients : One pound potatoes, two ounces grated cheese, one ounce butter, some brown crumbs, a gill of milk, sale and pepper. Bake or steam the potatoes, then mash them hot, and add the seasoning. Make the milk hot, stir in it half the butter and the cheese, and mix well. Put it in a greased dish, and cover the top with crumbs, and a few bits of butter here and there. Bake till brown in a sharp oven, or before the fire.

CREAMED SALT CODFISH -Take one and a water; take out, pick up fine, taking out all the bones; melt three tablespoonfule of butter; add two tablespoonfule of flour, slowly stirring all the time until it froths up; new draw on to a cooler part of the stove, and add gradually one and a life or the stove and add gradually one and a part or the stove, and and gradually one and a half capfuls of mulk; set back on the fire and boil until thick as rich cream; add the picked dish and a little pepper, but no sait, as the fish is sait; to make it richer add one ogg slightly besten when you add the fish.

STEAMED EGGS WITH TOMATOES -Allow one egg, half a tomato, a round place of buttered egg, half a tomato, a round piece of buttered toast, and a silee of bacon for each person. Besides which, you must have ready about two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley and an ounce of butter. Well butter some small plain dariole moulds, and sprinkle the bottom of each with chopped parsley. Into each of these moulds carefully break an erg. Stand them in a successor of boilings. an egg. Stand them in a saucepan of coming water which only comes half-way up the little time and lay a piece of buttered paper over the top of them all. Let them steam about five minutes, Whilst or till set about as firmly as you wish. Whilst they are cooking, out the tomstoes in half, and put them in a hot oven with a little bit of butter on each. The bacon and toast should both be toasted before the eggs have begun to steam, and can be hot in the over. When all are cooked, on each nest round of tout lay half a tomate. Slip the egge carefully out of the moulds on to the pleces of tomate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ir is said that irregular eyebrows are as in-

dication of insanity.

POTATOES, brought into Rossia first in 1769, caused fearful riots, being called devil's applea.

THE only European country which has a lower death-rate than England is Norway.

Tun world's stock of paper money is now 900 nillions, equal to the existing stock of gold coin,

AUSTRIA is the country most lenient to mar-ACTIVIA'S and country most remain to man-derers. In ten years over 800 persons were found guilty of murder, of whom only stwenty-three were put to death.

BEFORE the German Empire was unified, as

author had to obtain twenty-two different copy.
rights for a book, and a railway Bill had to pas
through fourteen different Parliaments.

VEGETABLES are usually sold in piles in Buenes Ayres, so that you have to measure quantity as well as quality by the eye; and butchers sell their meav by the chunk or cut rather than by

UNTIL 1627 the Chinese wore their hair long and colled on the top of the head, where it was fastened with an ornamental pin. The Mancha edict, making the pigtall a sign of loyalty, changed this style.

NEAR the coast of Cuba, a fresh-water spring arises from the bottom of the ocean, and for some distance round the water is perfectly fresh. A similar submarine spring is known to exist in the Gulf of Spensia.

A good giraffe skin is worth from £2 to £4 is South Africa to-day, and much more in Europe. On their hunting trips ten or fifteen years ago it was a common matter for one hunter to kill from forty to fifty giraffas in one day.

When it not for matter floating in suspension in sea water—minute living organisms and all bubbles due to the breaking of the waves, all of which reflect light—the ocean would look as black as ink, for in that case none of the sun's rays, having once penetrated it, would be reted to its surface

THE punksh coolie in India is to have a seaso of repose. The Indian Government has issued orders for the fusbellation of electric fans in various barracks and military stations, dispensing with the half-hearted and sleepy wallsh whose immemorial duty it has been to pull the string of the punkah or celling fan.

An Eskimo baby is born fair, except for a An Eshimo baby is born fair, except for a dark round spot on the small of the back, varying in size from a three-penny-bit to a shilling. From this centre-head of colour the dark this gradually spread till the todding Eskino is as beautifully, and as completely, and as highly coloured as a well-smoked inserachsum pips. The same thing happens among the Japanese.

Straw is put to strange uses in Japan. Mat of the horses are shod with straw, Even the clumstest of cart-horses wear straw shoes. In their case the shoes are ided round the ankles with straw rope, and are made of the ordinary rice straw, braided so that they form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These soles cost about a half ear inch thick. These soles cost about a half ear of the thick. These soles cost about a half ear of the thick. These soles cost about a half ear of the thick. These soles cost about a half ear thrown away. Every car't has a stock of fresh new shoes tied to the horse or to the front of the cart, and in Japan is was formerly the custom so measure distance largely by the number of horse-shoes it took to cover the distance. So many horse-shoes made a day's

the distance. So many horse-shoes made a day's journey, and the average shoe lasted for about eight miles of travel.

The heart of King Robers the Bruce, who was an ancestor of the Marquis of Bute, was conveyed by a Douglas for burial in the Holy Land. A legand says that the party were attacked by the Baracusa in Spale, and in a battle Douglas fleng the casket containing his charge into the midst of the enemy, crying: "Onward as thou west wout, thou noble heart Douglas will follow thes!" The gallant chieflan was killed; but Bruce's hears was substant tain was killed; but Bruce's hears was subsequently recovered, and brought to Melrose Abbey, where it was interred,

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MOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. B.-London is the largest post.

E. B.-You can do nothing but put up with the loss.

J. C. M.- Each parish makes its own arrangements. PRILIP.-The Royal Naval Reserve was formed in

Austr.-A domestic servant is entitled to a month's

REGGIE. - Put up with the loss ; it will be cheapest in

Must. - The engagement ring is worn on third finger

E. T.-A will is revoked by the subsequent marriage of the testator.

L. A —Get the advice of a well-known actor or actress who takes pupils. TROUBLED THE -If you have nothing, they cannot do anything to you.

G. P.-We do not think any panalty could be enforced in the case you mention.

L. V.—You can got the proper airs and varnish ready

FORGETFUL. - News of the relief of Majoking was control on Friday, May 18th.

ARTIOTS.—If possible, learn a trade, and thus fit correct for a practical business life. M. S.—You had better write to one of the travallers' miffiter shops or one of the large general shops.

A. G.—Hot vinegar put on a cloth will remove spots of paint from a window. The vinegar must be quite

SELINA -The cause is probably damp, for which we know of no remedy, save oftenically cleaning and resilvering.

8. K.—A person is not usually called a "convict" rho has been sentenced only to a short term of uprisonment.

Polit.—An excellent covering for jam pots is thin paper which has been immersed in milk, as it dries from and airtight.

Women,—Currants come almost solely from Greece; the great advance in price this year is due by the almost total failure of the crop.

Our Rearms.—In the event of the death of both parents and no will left, all they possess must be equally divided to their children.

M. Br C.—Unless the boy has passed the sixth stan-dard and made the proper number of attendances be cannot leave school at thirteen. COMETARY BRADER.—To obtain employment briefly announce your qualifications in an advertisement and insert it in one of the daily papers.

Shivgay.—Sheets of brown paper—or, falling that, you newspapers—between the counterpane and blanket to nearly as good as an extra blanket.

HARWAH.—Sweet oil and the finest emery powder, or emery mud, as it is sometimes called, is the best and most lasting when the grate is in constant use.

Mao -Add a little turpentine to the water with which the floor is scrubbed. It will take a way the closs smell and make the room delightfully fresh.

Americus.—The degree of success and the amount to be carned in any probasion depend entirely upon the roal with which the individual devotes himself to work.

Manonemra.—The coldness of your manner may be owing to diffidence, and a dread of being too demon-strative. As you raingle more in good society, the feel-ing will wear off.

H. C.—Begular daily walks, however short they use, are far better than long ones taken only now when. Over-fatigue destroys one's complexion as a sawant of exercise will.

ELFRIC.—Your chance of procuring a situation as clerk at the Cape is a very poor one; clerks are not the class of smigrants wanted; thews and sinews in a young colony rank far before education.

G. W.—It would be a waste of time for you to attempt to learn the art of ventriloguism. Only about one person in a thousand is naturally gifted with the peculiar vocal organs which make ventriloguism possible.

O. A. E.—There is no way of attaining the object you have in view except regular use of the seissors or rear; applying destructive mixtures or even electricity, is quite as likely as not to result in unsightly skin disease being set up.

Auxious Morres.—Weel sounds hotter than it is; the fact remains that it is warm for winter and cool for summer wear, and children who wear it all the year round are far less liable to contract cools and chills than those who wear any other material.

CURIOUS —The sarly part of the present century there was in Liverpool a firm named the Jerry Brothers, who became notorious for erecting showy but poorly constructed houses, and their name has since been applied in Engiand to all other builders who erect firmsy and

LADVENITE.—We are alraid this answer will be too late to be of any service to you. You must remember that it is not possible to answer queries "next week" as you request. Yes, you must pay the rent; you should not have remained if the premises were in such a bed condition. Thank you for kind opinion of the LONDON BRADER.

Young MOTHER.—For the first few months a baby's life should be that of a little animal merely, and it should be spent as much as possible in sleep. To est and to sleep form the business of the baby's life, and the careful mother will see that he is fed with the greatest care, and that nothing interferes with his proper rest.

Woman Owr.—If a child constantly complains of cold feet after going to bed, you may be pretty sure there is some elect in his circulation. In a case like this it is well to provide a hot-water bottle, which should be of indiarubher and be piscod between the under blanket and sheet. The water for these bottles must not be beiling, or the rubber will be injured.

S. P. O.—The term carst comes from the Arabian word qurret, when, the fruit of the carsb free. When the purity of finences of the metal in twenty-fourthe. For example, eighteen-carst gold is metal in twenty-fourthe. For example, eighteen-carst gold is metal in which eighteen parts out of twenty-four, or three-fourths, are pure gold.

ORCIL.—A bay born in Canada is a Canadian and a British subject, provided he was not born to parents travelling through the country, or to parents while the father was resident there with his family and representing a foreign country in a diplomatic capacity. In that case the boy is a subject or citizen of the country the father represents.

D. G. C.—Put it in a large basin with pienty of pow-dered borax, which may be well rubbed into it as well as added to the water, which latter should completely cover the sponge and be very hot though not builing. When the water has cooled squeeze out all the slime you can, rines well in hot water, and repeat until it is perfectly softened and restored to its proper coloor.

JUST THINK OF IT.

Ir all the world were sunny,
The meadows made o' money,
Now, wouldn's it be form; ?
That it would!
If every blossom blowing,
In its breast had diamonds glowing,
Would we pay the bills we're owing?
That we would!

But perhaps, for all the sorrow
That we make, or that we borrow
On the note that's due to-morrow,
It is best
To just keep on complaining,
with a little son and raining—
In the same old world remaining,
And a beseen that's worth the gaining,
Sweet with rest!

LUCUE.—Shabby valvet may be improved in appearance by the following treatment:—First brosh it thoroughly so as to remove all dust; then spread on the top of a stove, which must be only warm, a damp cloth, and over this put the velvet right side up. As soon as the steam from the damp cloth ceases, the velvet must be moved, or it will scorab.

V. C.—The sarilest eruption of Vesnvius on record, and one of the most fatal, took place in the year 79 of the Emperor Titue. All the southern part of itsly was alarmed by its violence; and Campania, as the adjoining district is called, was devastated to a great distance. On this cocasion the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeti were overwhelmed and destroyed and the greater part of their inhabitants killed.

OLAIM.—Jumble a quarter of a pound of almond parts, and mix with the unbeaten white of one egg; least vigorously and add gradually one-half suproit of powdered sugar. Shape in balls, dipping the fingers in cold water, and put in pass or buttered papers some distance apart. Bake in a very moderate over for thirty minutes. When taken from the oven put the paper over a damp towel, and the cakes are easily removed.

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the following are but a few (a complete syllabus showing the contents of the whole 187 chapters enumerating upwards of 500 subjects, and divisions of subjects, can be had free on application to the publishers):—

Analysis of beauty—Beauty a possible attainment—The way we make our own faces—Secrets of face transformation—Changeableness of beauty and its causes—Metaphysical secrets of keeping young and preserving a youtful appearance—The author's investigations into the causes why some individuals look younger than others at a certain ago—Wonders of the skin-Relation of the skin to beauty—Effects of mental emotions upon the skin-Bad complexions and their causes—Diethat spoils and diet that improves the complexion—General care of the complexion—Construction, growth, and wenders of the hair—Superficial hairs—Wrinkles, and how to treat them—Oily akin, firy skin, and loose skin—How the nose may be improved—Promature greyness: its causes and prevention—General care of the healt—Superficial hairs—Wrinkles, and how to treat them—Oily akin, firy skin, and loose skin—How the nose may be improved—Protatuling cars and their treatment—Offensive breath—Anatony of the teeth—Why teeth decay—General care of the setch—Tallness and how to attain its—Round shoulders and how to cure them—How to acquire a full chest—Perfect form and figure: their proper recognitions—Thinness and its treatment—General care of the body—hitchense of the mind in curing diseases—How the mind can induce disease—How violent passions higher health—Laughter as a medicine—Allments cured by laughter—Wonders of digestion—Relative value to our bodies of the principal articles of food—Fruits and vogetables as medicine—Allments cured by laughter—Wonders of digestion—Relative value to our bodies of the principal articles of food—Fruits and vogetables as medicine—Allments cured by laughter—Wonders—Health—preserving diet and its onnaisency—Diet favourable to mental, more, propositions of the health—Baths and Bathing; the physical, and external influences—How violent—S

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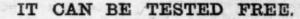
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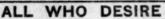
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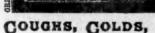
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